

The Nation.

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The Week.

The best feature of the canvass now within a month of its close is the demonstration that the war cannot be worked for political advantage, and that the McKinley Administration will be no better off in November than it would have been if there had been no war—indeed, will be worse off, because of Algerism and the attempt to whitewash it. The fact is admitted by all candid Republicans everywhere. In Iowa, for example, Congressman Clark frankly says, in the *Keokuk Gate City*, which he edits, that “the war with Spain will not give so much strength to the Republicans in this fall’s election as seemed probable in the first enthusiasm”; and he philosophically adds that “this is well enough, and it is probably better for the country and the Republican party to get away from unsubstantial generalities and pyrotechnics of patriotism and go straight to the common-sense business of the situation.” In Pennsylvania the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, a Republican newspaper, opens a review of the campaign in that State with the confession that “the attempt to keep the canvass on a distinctly national plane has been a failure”; that “the war has not been the bonanza of popular capital for the regular organization in this State that was expected before it suddenly came to a close”; that “a large portion of the Republicans in Pennsylvania have refused this year to be influenced by the plea that the late war and its sequels are the paramount issues in the present campaign”; and that “they have been more concerned on the questions which Dr. Swallow and his honest-government friends and John Wanamaker have raised than they have ever been before when such questions have been agitated in a gubernatorial or a senatorial campaign.”

The delegates to the Massachusetts Republican convention held in Boston on Thursday had some views of their own, and the meeting of the committee on resolutions was not a brief gathering of automatons, who responded to the touch of a button by a boss, and produced a type-written manuscript prepared in advance by him. Senator Lodge, a candidate for reelection, comes the nearest to being a boss that the Republican party of Massachusetts has ever had. A month ago it would have seemed to a New Yorker or a Pennsylvanian, familiar with the way that bosses run conventions in those great States, that the attitude of the Massachusetts

Republicans toward imperialism was a foregone conclusion. But the earnest discussion of the subject among the people had shown such an overwhelming sentiment against the policy that the presiding officer, Representative Moody, evaded the question in his opening speech, Senator Lodge withheld the Jingoism with which he was charged a few weeks ago, and the convention adopted a platform the salient plank of which was a declaration that “the people of Massachusetts do not propose to abandon the ancient doctrines of republican liberty upon which the commonwealth and the country are builded, and by which the American people have grown to be without a rival among the nations in wealth, power, and happiness”; and, instead of a demand for the annexation of the Philippines, an expression of the “desire that the diplomatic negotiations now in progress be so conducted and terminated as to secure to the Philippine Islands and to Cuba, in amplest measure, the blessings of liberty and self-government.”

Senator Lodge, nevertheless, delivered a speech in which he grandiloquently remarked that he believed the American people to be “the most capable governing nation on the face of the earth”—the obvious reference being to the government of inferior races, as the expansion policy was in his mind. At the very time that he was speaking, a battle was in progress between troops of the United States army and a band of Indians in Minnesota, one of the oldest States in the West. The fighting was the direct result of shameful misgovernment of the red men by the whites. The chief of the tribe had been forced to leave the reservation and take a long trip to Duluth as a witness. When he was dismissed, he was refused his witness and mileage fees and forced to trudge home afoot, begging his way. He, naturally enough, declared that, if he should ever be summoned as a witness again, he would not go, and the tribe backed him up. He was summoned, he refused to go, and the fighting followed. Every life that was sacrificed on both sides is directly due to the shameful treatment of these Indians by representatives of “the most capable governing nation on the face of the earth.”

The Massachusetts Democrats are not easily deceived. No bogus prosperity can be palmed off upon ‘cute Yankees like them. Finding it necessary to maintain that the business of the country is “in reality in a more deplorable condition than in 1896,” they feared that scoffers might point to the signs of better times—lessened failures, increased bank clear-

ings, etc. So the Massachusetts Democrats answered the objector in advance. All that he may urge is, they tell him, only a “specious local activity.” What the country needs, on the other hand, is clearly a solid and general activity. Increased bank-clearings must be as marked in East Haddam as in Wall Street. Summer board in Topsfield must be at the same rates as in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Otherwise, blessings are obviously unequal, which proves that the gold standard is one of the works of the devil, and that the true ratio is 16 to 1. We like “specious local activity” as a phrase for explaining away prosperity. Since Gen. Hancock spoke of the tariff as something that he used to hear of as a local issue in Pennsylvania, we have had nothing quite so good. It would be a rare sign of good times that George Fred Williams could not denounce as either “specious” or “local.” Being so, you cannot impose it upon him. He will remain implacable until you bring forward prosperity firm as a rock, universal as the air. Meanwhile, there is nothing specious about him. His demagogism is of solid texture from circumference to centre, though the steadily diminishing vote of the Massachusetts Democracy under his leadership shows how “local” he is and promises to continue.

It is made very plain by the regular Republican nominations for the Legislature in this city and other parts of the State that, however deeply other persons may be absorbed in sound money and other national questions, Mr. Platt is not allowing them to distract his mind from the main business in hand. He is “setting up” a majority in the next Legislature with his customary care and skill. The nominating machinery in nearly every instance is running very smoothly, and is putting in the field only such Republicans as can be depended upon to obey orders. In this city, for example, the only candidate thus far receiving a Republican nomination for Assembly who is other than a Platt man is Mr. Gherardi Davis, who carried the convention in the Twenty-seventh District, defeating the machine candidate. This district is the only one in the city which is not controlled by the machine, for it is the only one in which a large number of independently disposed Republicans took the trouble to enter the primaries under the new primary law. In all the other city districts, so far as we can discover, Platt has either got his man into the field as the regular nominee or is preparing to do so presently.

An instructive glimpse of the way in

which the modern science of government is operated by experts in the Republican machine is furnished by a little encounter between Mike Dady and ex-Sheriff Buttling in one of the Brooklyn districts. Mike has been much favored by Platt in recent movements, and has been disposed to look down upon Buttling as out in the cold. What happened to Dady in the convention is thus described by Buttling himself. Having obtained control of the convention, he proceeded as follows:

"I nominated this ticket just to show the Buttling family was still alive, and right in it, and would be in the Republican party when Dady was out of it: For delegates, William J. Buttling, Albert J. Buttling, Thomas F. Buttling, and George Benjamin Buttling; alternates, Avery H. Buttling, Dominick B. Buttling, Gustavus C. Buttling, and, there not being any other Buttlings, I named my dearest friend, George W. Shanley, for the last place. I guess Dady will recognize I am in it. Then, just to make it interesting, I nominated Roderick for Assembly, to please the boys. I had never seen him. When he came before the convention he wore a white vest and a pink tie—I tell you he was just the thing. He's a bright, able young fellow, and will make a good run. I don't know how the Buttling family delegation will vote—we haven't decided yet."

The nominee for the Assembly, in a "white vest and pink tie," put in the field to "please the boys," is one of the candidates we are asked to vote for to save the "cause of sound money" from destruction.

Mr. Croker makes with unnecessary emphasis an announcement that he "will not resign the leadership of Tammany Hall," and that he "will hold it as long as he lives." Who supposed for a moment that he would resign it? He has no other business, and can desire no other. No business known to man can begin to compare with his in any respect. He has unlimited power with no responsibility. He enjoys a noble income from steadily swelling revenues and keeps no accounts whatever. Nobody can ever pry into his books, for he has none. The idea that any man in possession of his faculties would resign a business like this, at the moment when it was on the very highest wave of prosperity it had ever known, is preposterous. He says he needs assistance in "attending to details," but, so far as the general conduct of the business goes, he is quite capable of managing that single-handed.

"Thorough" is evidently not the motto of President McKinley's investigating committee. They listen to long volunteered statements, but lamentably fail when it comes to pushing home searching questions at critical points. On Thursday, for example, a critical point was reached in Gen. Boynton's testimony. He admitted that the conditions at Chickamauga were at one time very bad. This pained the committee, but they questioned the witness only languidly.

Was Gen. Brooke at fault? No, the lax administration of the camp was noticeable only after he went away. Who then was responsible? "The brigade and regimental commanders," replied Gen. Boynton. There was the chance to ask who the derelict commanders were; who the colonels were who did not know that a camp was more dangerous than a battle, and who let their men fall sick; who appointed these ignorant officers and assigned them to duty. But the committee shied and ran off to the subject of green coffee and spoiled onions. This sort of investigation will lead to nothing. It is all adrip with whitewash. Far from forestalling or staving off a congressional inquiry, the President's lame and faltering committee are making such an inquiry more imperative than ever.

A curious explanation is put forth, apparently by the War Department, of the much greater mortality from disease than from wounds in the late war, and especially of the bad showing the figures make as compared with those of the civil war. Why, it is said, the difference is due to the "humane" Mauser bullet, and particularly to the advance in antiseptic surgery. If medical knowledge had not made such progress since 1860, the percentage of recoveries among the wounded would not have been so astonishingly large, and then the number of deaths from disease would not have appeared so out of proportion. Well, medical knowledge of disease has made progress as well as of wounds. A typhoid epidemic in a camp that would have been pardonable thirty years ago is absolutely inexcusable now. The veriest country doctor would be ashamed of himself if he could not locate and stamp out typhoid infection. Yet there were 5,000 cases of typhoid at Chickamauga—all "introduced," so the medical officers testify. And their account of the shocking laxness about sinks and refuse, the flies carrying the infection straight from the latrines to the tables where men and officers fed, is a positive indictment for crime of those responsible. At any rate, it is a queer way to excuse ignorant blundering in one department of the medical service by pointing to high skill in another.

The power of the Senate to ratify or reject the treaty to be made with Spain regarding her possessions in the Indies, East and West, includes the power to prescribe the terms upon which they shall be accepted. It may receive them with or without conditions. It may refuse to make them a part of the United States on any terms. If the subject had been brought before either house of Congress six months ago they would have been rejected by a vote as unanimous as that by which Congress declared that we would not acquire Cuba, but would

immediately withdraw after delivering her from tyranny and oppression. Therefore the temper of the Senate is a very important matter, even more important than the decision of the Paris Commissioners. The temper of the Senate is itself amenable to public opinion, and much will depend upon the result of the November elections. If the Republicans lose the next Congress, that fact will be taken as evidence that the country is not in favor of "imperialism." Both the President and the Senate will construe it as a command to go slow in the matter of annexations.

What is the political status of Porto Rico in contemplation of law? Our Treasury authorities assume that the island is now subject at all events to our navigation laws, so that a foreign ship cannot carry either goods or passengers from a port of the United States to a port of the island directly, although it may clear from New York to Bermuda and from Bermuda to Porto Rico. If our navigation laws apply to Porto Rico, why do not our tariff laws apply equally? Under those laws every kind of goods from the United States is entitled to admission there free of duty, and all the products of Porto Rico, including sugar, tobacco, and cigars, are entitled to free admission here. Why are they not so admitted? Evidently because the Senate has not ratified any treaty by which Spain cedes the island to us. There can be no addition to the territory of the United States without the vote of the Senate, acting either as a part of the treaty-making power (in which case a two-thirds vote is required), or jointly with the House, in which case a majority must concur. As there has been no action by either treaty or joint resolution, it follows that none of the laws of the United States apply to Porto Rico. She is in the same condition in reference to us that Hawaii was before the annexation of those islands was completed by Congress.

There is nothing strange about the facts that recruiting for the regular army before the war was so slack that it was hard to keep it up to 25,000 men, and so slow during the war itself that its numbers, instead of being increased, as Congress had authorized, to 61,000 men, reached only about 50,000; or about the other fact that newspapers in all parts of the country should be expressing the opinion that a draft will be necessary if the size of the regular army is to be raised permanently to 100,000 men, in order to garrison colonies in the East and West Indies and put down insurrections in the Philippines. England is the only great Power in Europe which does not have a compulsory system of military service, and the experience of England has been the same as that of

this country. It has grown increasingly difficult to keep up the size of the English army, and it has proved necessary to lower the standard of admission, because not enough young men of the former qualifications would volunteer. The opportunities for a career open to a vigorous young man in the United States are far greater than in England, and consequently but a few care to enter the army except those who have failed outside of it. It seems, therefore, a reasonable opinion which we find in the *New Bedford Mercury*, a Republican newspaper of Massachusetts, that "we very much doubt if there are a thousand first-class young men in America who can see a sufficient reason for their sacrificing any part of their lives in policing the Philippines. Such as they are, possibly ten times that number could be procured without much trouble, but they would not be the best specimens of young American manhood, by any means."

It may be a mighty fine thing for us to go into the colonial business, but, just as we are going into it, other nations are getting out of it, thanking their stars that they are rid of a fatal drain on their resources. The sense of relief in Spain at being finally quit of the colonies is unmistakable. Consequently upon this is the demand of the business men's meeting in Madrid the other day that the army and all military expenses be at once cut down. They know where their taxes have gone. Italy is just pulling out of her disastrous colonial venture in Africa, and cutting her naval expenditures to the quick, hoping that she may thereby escape the bankruptcy on the verge of which she has been shivering. And the probability is strong that Portugal is on the point of surrendering all her colonies in South Africa. This, affirms the well-informed writer, "Diplomaticus," in the *Fortnightly*, is the real subject-matter of the Anglo-German agreement. It was no mere affair of Delagoa Bay, but of the entire Portuguese possessions in Africa, amounting all told to more than 900,000 square miles. Portugal is practically bankrupt. She cannot borrow a cent in any city of Europe. Yet she is going to have to pay smart damages, as a result of the Delagoa Bay Railway arbitration, and where will she get the money? By selling her colonies, replies the *Fortnightly* writer, and he asserts it as of his own knowledge that the Anglo-German agreement is one covering a right of preëmption of the various Portuguese colonies, with the purchase money assigned for each. "In short, Great Britain and Germany have become joint heirs to the estates of the Portuguese crown in Africa, and, while undertaking the reversion in common, they have prudently provided against any clashing of interests when the time arrives for entering upon their heritage."

This may not be literally true, but it is literally true that the colonies have long been a disastrous drain upon Portugal.

The *Engineering News* publishes an important statement in reference to the present status and probable future of the Panama Canal by Gen. Henry L. Abbott of the Engineer Corps of the United States army. Gen. Abbott was a member of a board selected by the new Panama Canal Company to make a fresh survey of the work and an estimate of the cost and time necessary for completing the canal. Associated with him were a number of European engineers, including the chief engineers of the Manchester and the Kiel ship canals. Everything relating to the work at Panama was done *de novo*. Nothing was taken for granted, and no allowance was made for even the simplest parts of the estimates made by the De Lesseps company. The conclusions of Gen. Abbott are that the canal on the plan of eight lift-locks—four on either side of the Culebra summit—is entirely feasible, that the work can be completed for \$100,000,000, and that it can be done in ten years at the furthest, and probably in less time. The estimate of the European engineers is eight years. When completed, the length of the canal will be 43 4-10 miles of inland construction, besides 3 1-10 miles in the bay of Panama, *i. e.*, 46½ miles, as compared with 176 miles by the Nicaragua route. Gen. Abbott submits various considerations tending to show that the Panama route presents fewer natural difficulties than the Nicaragua route, and is less exposed to torrential rainfall and to earthquake. He says that the average rainfall at the Isthmus of Panama is 93 inches, while at Nicaragua it is 256 inches, or nearly three times as much. There is no active volcano within 200 miles of the former, "while three lie in close vicinity of the route of the Nicaragua Canal, and one within only 40 miles of its western locks." In conclusion, Gen. Abbott expresses the opinion that there is only one interoceanic canal, that of Panama, that could be judiciously undertaken at the present time. He accordingly recommends that our Government make as thorough an examination of the Panama route and work as has been made of the Nicaragua route before embarking its money in the latter, since two canals are not needed even if two are feasible.

Where are the remains of Christopher Columbus? He died at Valladolid May 20, 1506, and was buried there. His remains were afterwards transferred to the Carthusian Monastery of Las Cuevas, Seville. In 1536 they were removed to San Domingo and interred in the cathedral there. The records of the cathedral were destroyed by fire in 1575. In 1795 San Domingo was ceded to

France, and the remains of Columbus or of some other person buried there were transferred with great pomp and ceremony to the cathedral at Havana. Nobody is able to affirm that these were the remains of Columbus, but they answered every purpose of national pride and gratitude. Now they are to be sent back to Spain, but nobody knows now any better than before whether they are the real relics of Columbus or not. Yet they will answer the purposes of national feeling just as well now as they did one hundred and three years ago. Surely we ought not to begrudge Spain any comfort she can gain from the bones of Columbus whether genuine or otherwise; and one voyage more will do the old navigator no harm.

If ever Lord Salisbury was to take a "firm stand," he was bound to take it in the case of the French at Fashoda. The official correspondence published on Sunday shows that he will not even discuss the right of the French to stay there. The Paris municipality has hastened to name its Rue de Fashoda, but it can only be a street along which the French Government must beat as dignified a retreat as possible. France cannot complain of any sudden change of front, or any lack of notification, by the English Government. The Nile all the way to Lake Nyanza has steadily and for years been claimed as within the British sphere of influence, and by Liberals and Tories alike. On March 25, 1895, when rumors of a French expedition to the Nile were afloat, Sir Edward Grey, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Rosebery's Government, said in the House of Commons:

"The advance of a French expedition under secret instructions right from the other side of Africa into a territory over which our claims have been known for so long, would be not merely an inconsistent and unexpected act, but it must be perfectly well known to the French Government that it would be an unfriendly act and would be so viewed by England."

The French, it is true, have always felt bound, as M. Hanotaux wrote, to express "a reservation" about England's claims to the Nile valley, but they do not now seriously appear to intend contesting them. They speak of Major Marchand as "an emissary of civilization," with no instructions and no right to decide questions of territorial limits; and it is probable, therefore, that they will disavow his hoisting the French flag at Fashoda as they did Lieut. Bretonnet's expedition to the Niger. In any case, there can be no mistaking the British intention to reclaim, in the name of Egypt, all of the Sudan and the Nile. Nor can there be the slightest doubt that the reëstablishment of English rule in those vast regions which the Khalifa has made the habitations of cruelty, will be an unspeakable blessing to those who dwell there and a great gain for civilization.

PUBLIC OPINION AND EMPIRE.

One of the most dangerous and ignorant delusions which "patriots," imperialists, and Jingoese are engaged in spreading, is that, although America has no civil service, no specific experience, no machinery of government for the rule of dependencies; although our whole polity was framed, and has been carried on for one hundred years, for the express purpose of banishing inequality from among us, for ousting it from all places both in our manners and in our politics, yet the minute that by mere accident a distant dependency falls into our hands, a line of skilful officers will turn up to govern subjects. We find it very difficult to characterize such notions in the way they deserve, they have about them so much of the air of childishness which has marked our politics of late. They remind us of the grand idea of last spring, that you had only to go to war without an army, and a commissariat and hospital service would promptly appear, as also smokeless powder and skilful and experienced officers. What we evidently need in our public affairs, as the silver question showed, is men who will remember that government is business, and has to be conducted on the same principles and on the same basis of probability as private affairs. Therefore when a Jingo or a patriot begins to talk what the boys call "rot," it does not make the slightest difference about "his heart being in the right place" any more than if he were offering himself to take charge of your children's estate.

If a man were to present himself for that purpose, and tell you that he had never taken charge of estates, that he knew nothing of business of any description, but that his father had left him so much money, and he played such a good game of golf and had so much natural talent, that he felt sure he would be able to do the business very soon, what would you say to him? How long would you talk to him? And yet this is the stuff we are listening to every day about the government of dependencies, and these are the responsibilities that Englishmen are called in every week to egg us on to assume, without any knowledge of our capacity or political manners.

Now, this matter is growing more serious every day. The Republican party is apparently mad enough to be making ready "with a light heart" to ask the American people to enact that American citizens shall be dragged to the Philippines for enforced military service, like the French penal legions to Algiers. We may safely leave the American people to deal with this proposal when it comes, but there is one point which may escape their attention. Among the devices resorted to to persuade them that public opinion at home will be able to exert sufficient restraint

on the politicians in our different possessions to prevent them from robbing and killing the natives, as they have done our Indians here in America, is the audacious assertion that public opinion would keep an eye on them; and, as the canon lawyers say, "restrain their manners and excesses." What this restraint would amount to we can best learn from the experience of England. We assert positively that the English public does not now pay, and never has paid, any steady or useful or intelligent attention to any colonial affairs, except the affairs of colonies settled by their own countrymen and race. About the great Indian possessions and the Pacific islands, nobody in England knows or cares anything except the returned officials who have administered them. It has been the chief lament of English politicians ever since the days of Warren Hastings, that the English public will not pay any attention to Indian affairs. The public knows nothing and cares little about them except when there is a war going on. It has been notorious for eighty years that the minute an Indian debate is brought up by some enthusiastic reformer, the House of Commons empties. You might walk on foot from one end of England to the other to-day without meeting with a single man to talk Indian affairs with you, or to pretend to know anything about them. They are left wholly to the Indian officials. These are, for India, the English public. It is they, and they only, who look after the Indian people. It is they who right their wrongs or redress their grievances, and they are as unlike anything our politics would turn out for the work of distant government as Maud S. is to an Indian bronco.

It has taken one hundred years to build up the English Indian service. It is the product of a variety of conditions, both social and political, which cannot be reproduced in this country. About distant foreign possessions the average Englishman does not trouble himself, or pretend to know any more than the average American here. About temperance, and liquor, and labor, and the suffrage, and about land tenures, he is greatly occupied, because they are his affairs and those of his family, but not about those far-off things which only concern foreigners. The notion that our expansionists are trying to diffuse, that as soon as we got colonies of Tagals, Malays, Cubans, and mongrel Spaniards, our people would leave their industries, and neglect their daily bread and their domestic affairs, in order to plunge into, master, and manage those of these brown-colored people, is an attempt at imposture which can be excused only on the ground of excessive warlike excitement. The notion that the far-off business of these half-savage heathen men would so absorb the attention of the American people as to make their own

tremendous interests seem "parochial," appears to us to argue more contempt for the popular intelligence than any bit of deception that the politicians have yet ventured on, though they have been both enterprising and inventive.

THE TRUE NATIONAL HERO.

Every war leaves behind one or more heroes. Some are heroes for having won great victories with overwhelming force, like Dewey; others for having carried a prolonged conflict to a successful issue with a small force, like Washington; others for avoiding fighting at all, like Fabius Cunctator. But it is not often that a man's heroism is measured by the good his victories have done. As a rule nothing goes so far to make his fame as the amount of misery he has caused the enemy. We are afraid this is what most of the heroes of our late war must rely on mainly for their glory. We say we are going to do a world of good to the vanquished, but we have not yet begun. The offices are not yet quite ready for the politicians who are to fill them and do the work of "elevation."

But we can say with truth and sincerity that there is one American soldier among us to-day whose fight is still going on, and whose victory is within sight and will not cost a tear or a sigh to one honest man or woman, a drop of blood to a college youth, or a single pæan to a fighting college president or to a bellicose bishop. Should he succeed, he will have done more for his native country by far than 100,000 men led by Col. Roosevelt could possibly have done for us in any part of the world, under any name. He will be the real hero of this period, the only one, probably, whose name will be remembered for having shown, not on one, but on a hundred fields, the kind of courage, the only kind of courage, of which the country is short—moral courage, something of which not over one man in a thousand is possessed.

The hero we have in mind is a plain American soldier of liberty, honesty, and good government, named the Rev. Silas C. Swallow of Pennsylvania. He wears no uniform nor armor, and yet there is probably not a man in the community to-day whose right to be called "a just and faithful knight of God" would meet with less dispute. There can be no question about the cause or object of his war. The object is to rescue not a Spanish-American island from the tyranny of Spain, but to rescue a very large section of the United States from the tyranny of a huge band of native thieves. This tyranny has lasted for more than twenty years, and, so far from any attempt having been made to overthrow it by any Jingo or professional patriot, its leaders, as if in mockery of the oppressed, have received high honors and rewards from our own legitimate gov-

ernment; which honors and rewards are paid for out of the pockets of the victims of the tyranny.

There has always been a certain number of oppressed who kept protesting and groaning, but none of our Presidents has ever been able to make up his mind to come to their relief. Whenever he interfered in the least, it was, as in the case of Chili, on the side of the usurper. He continued to ask Quay to dinner, and pretended to think that it was right to steal for the party, and forge for the party, and embezzle for the party, and if you remonstrated, he asked, Were the Democrats any better? and how we supposed a young man was to get on in politics in our country if you were always sticking your nose into other people's affairs? And this went on for a generation, until the day came when it was openly declared that Cuba and Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and various other dark lands would not only have to be liberated, but evangelized; before anything could possibly be done for the poor Pennsylvanians. Not only this, but the thieves themselves shouted, "That's so," and large numbers of them went to Cuba and Porto Rico and wept salt tears and charged batteries over the way the Spaniards were robbing the Cubans. At this point Mr. Swallow took arms and enlisted for the war. "What is your war to be for or about?" he was asked. "About theft," he replied. "What is your platform?" they said. "Thou shalt not steal," he answered, and so he took the field. There was no rush for commissions in his army. No one offered to "keep the bridge with him," and the thieves laughed at him and his declaration of war, just as that wretched boss Goliath did at David.

But they soon found he was not a three-months' man. He was prepared for a long war. In 1897 he polled 120,000 votes for Treasurer, and the thieves began to be alarmed; and the more alarmed they got, the louder they yelled about the sad case of Cuba and the more they insisted on giving her honest government. Finding his attention still not diverted, and the case of Cuba not pitiful enough, they began to shout for "expansion," and assured Swallow that it would be ruinous to liberate Pennsylvania without "expanding"; that two-thirds of the globe was waiting for expansion, and that no matter what happened in Pennsylvania, mankind would despise us if we did not expand. A weaker or simpler man than Mr. Swallow would have been cajoled, abandoning the liberation of Pennsylvania, and would have taken to expanding in China and Palestine and the Philippines. But he was made of sterner stuff. He fought on. He faced the guns; he went up the hills under a heavy fire. The thieves saw him coming, and began to write despairing dispatches to their homes and throw the

blame on one another, when suddenly Providence interfered on his behalf just as he did when Dewey got inside the harbor of Cavité without being seen, or as he did when he started Cervera out of the harbor of Santiago. One of the thieves' bank cashiers committed suicide, leaving behind him a secret drawer. He heard the sound of Swallow's guns, and felt he must get out of a world where expansion and evangelization of heathen were so slow.

Swallow is now moving on the enemy's citadel, and is generous enough to offer to hold a debate in a public square with any old thief, and establish to the satisfaction of any bellicose, expanding, or evangelizing bishop or college president the following propositions concerning one of the evangelizing States—that the State has lost heavily "from misappropriation of interest, padded pay-rolls, unnecessary committee expenses, extravagant appropriations, unlawful salaries, and by stealing under forms of law"; that the fire which destroyed the old capitol was the work of an incendiary; that in the rebuilding of the capitol there was an unfair system of competitive bidding; that at least \$3,000,000 interest on State deposits has been stolen during the last twenty years, and that \$1,000,000 has been paid to different persons who have rendered no adequate service to the State.

"Ride on, O just and faithful Knight of God!
Ride on; the prize is near!"

THE LATEST EXPOSURE OF QUAY

For many years it has been well known that Senator Quay was the fountain-head of bad government in Pennsylvania. He has absolutely controlled legislation at Harrisburg, and he has usually owned most of the State officials, particularly the State Treasurer. One reason why he must control the Treasury was in order to get the use of State money for himself and his friends. Five or six million dollars a year of such money was turned over to favored banks, which paid the State no interest, and Mr. Wanamaker has shown that $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest on the average balance of \$5,014,814 in these banks between January 1, 1892, and January 1, 1898, would have amounted to \$752,222, which went to the Quay machine.

Ex-Congressman Darlington of West Chester was recently forced to tell under oath how the system operated in the case of the broken Chester County Trust Company, one of Quay's "pet banks," of which Darlington was President. He testified that the "current expenses" charged on the books of the company were actually political contributions to the Republican State and county committees; that these contributions were made "pursuant to a sort of implied understanding with the parties who were influential in controlling State de-

posits"; and that, "as long as the State deposit was in the Trust Company, there was paid in political contributions each year from 2 to 3 per cent." The *Philadelphia Press*, in publishing this revelation, said that "Mr. Darlington's testimony only gives the sanction of the oath of a responsible witness to what was well known before, though lacking in legal proof. The State money has been earning interest for many years, which the State has not received, but which was paid to the politicians composing the State machine."

Mr. Wanamaker in his interesting volume of speeches on government in Pennsylvania under Quay—which, by the way, we commend as a text-book for the course on the science of government in every educational institution—thus described the People's Bank of Philadelphia, the most favored of all the "pet banks":

"From the beginning this bank has been in politics, and rotten politics. It was organized by politicians for politicians. It stood for a corrupt combination between corporations, politicians, and public officers. All its profits did not come from this, but a very large share did. It has always had 'influence.' It has always profited by it. Organized by an ex-State Treasurer, it has always had State funds. It has continuously carried a deposit ranging from \$300,000 to \$1,200,000, while school districts are waiting in vain for school money long past due. It has held city funds. It has held other 'funds.' It was a clearing-house for personal profit, some doubtless legal and some not; but none would bear the light of day. Politicians brought their personal efforts to this scheme for profit. Public officers brought the public money intrusted to them. The bank received it, dealt in it, profited by it, and divided the spoils."

A few months ago the People's Bank collapsed, and its cashier committed suicide, in remorse over the crimes which the Quay machine had led him into committing by tampering with the funds committed to his charge, in violation of the laws which forbid the personal use of public money by public officers, and which inflict especially severe penalties upon the cashiers of banks who engage, directly or indirectly, in the purchase or sale of stocks.

Everybody believed that Quay was "mixed up" in these frauds, but everybody supposed that his tracks would be covered up. Even when the boss, his son, and a lieutenant were charged with conspiracy in connection with the use of public moneys deposited in the People's Bank, it seemed too much to expect that the crime could be established. But the papers discovered in a private drawer of the dead cashier's desk by the receiver, which were produced in court by the District Attorney on Wednesday of last week, leave not a particle of doubt as to his guilt. These letters and telegrams are proof that Quay was constantly speculating in stocks from the Senate chamber through the State money which he controlled in the People's Bank; that the State Treasurer on one occasion mailed to the cashier a check for \$100,000, for the credit of the Com-

monwealth's fund in that bank, making \$600,000 in all, with "the understanding that I am not to draw against any part of this \$600,000 deposit until the Hon. R. R. Quay [son of the Senator] has paid or arranged satisfactorily to you the loan of \$100,000 which you are to make him next week"—the implication being that the \$500,000 State money previously in the bank was already covered by earlier mortgages of this same character or rendered otherwise unavailable, so that when R. R. Quay needed to borrow \$100,000 from the bank on security of the State deposit, a fresh \$100,000 from Harrisburg was a necessary condition of the loan; that in the computation of interest on State funds to be divided among certain people, the amount due "Q.," due "M. S. Q.," due "Quay," was regularly figured out in a private account-book kept by the cashier.

We do not recall in the history of the country more shameful disclosures in court regarding the character of a United States Senator. They ought to deprive Quay of any chance of reelection to the Senate by the Legislature which will be chosen next month. But will they? We recall that in 1885, when Quay wanted to run for State Treasurer, Charles Emory Smith declared in the *Philadelphia Press* that his nomination must not be thought of, because it would "take the lid from off the State Treasury, and uncover secrets before which Republicans would stand dumb," and that since that publication he has been elected State Treasurer, elected United States Senator, re-elected Senator, and continuously boss of the Republican "organization," and thereby of the State. We reflect, also, that the question whether a candidate for Senator is an honest man or a thief is one of those questions which, as Mr. Roosevelt remarked the other night, "to the world at large seem parochial"; and that we are told that what the voter ought to think about is whether the flag shall stay where it has once been raised, and whether we shall carry our civilization throughout the world—and that nobody is so enthusiastic for the flag and for the spread of civilization as Matthew S. Quay.

ROOSEVELT'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

One fact about Col. Roosevelt's candidacy is recognized on all sides. He cannot be elected Governor without the aid of independent votes. He and his campaign managers are fully aware of this. They know that there are not enough "straight" Republicans in the State to give any candidate a majority by many thousands of votes. It has been plain from the beginning of the canvass that the one issue which would attract independent support is honest, unbossed government of the State. It was because they thought that Roosevelt would give them this that the great body of inde-

pendent voters resolved to support him when he was first put in the field. Even after he took the bold step of calling upon Platt, and even after the platform of the convention had approved Gov. Black's administration, the great body of them, so strong was their faith in his personal honesty and courage, were still resolved to put their trust in him.

He gave them their first serious repulse in his Carnegie Hall speech. We will not say that that speech cost him thousands of votes, but we simply state what is common knowledge among all persons familiar with current opinion among independent voters, when we say that it chilled the zeal of thousands in his cause and made them hesitate about voting for him. The effect could not be otherwise. The independent voter is very rarely a Jingo. What he wants in this campaign is good State government. He is not going to vote to "approve the war," or to "repudiate the war," or to influence opinion in Havana, or Madrid, or Paris, or Berlin, or London. Least of all is he going so to cast his vote as to encourage the national Government to rush blindly into a policy of unlimited and unreasoning expansion. If Col. Roosevelt's election is to have that effect, the great body of independent voters will do nothing to bring it about. If Senator Foraker, whom independent voters detest beyond all other Jingo ranters, or Senator Lodge, whom they distrust in equal degree, or Senator Aldrich, whom they look upon as the attorney of the Sugar Trust in the United States Senate, comes here to tell them that Roosevelt's election will mean the triumph of the principles which each and all of them represent in national politics, the certain result will be to start an independent stampede away from Roosevelt.

This is the simple truth, known and recognized of all men. That it has gained recognition during the last few days from both Roosevelt and the Republican managers is made evident in several ways. His managers say that the Colonel will make speeches throughout the State, and will tell the people the kind of Governor he will be in case of election. That is what the independent voters want to know. They care nothing about his views on empire or on a large army and navy. Republican voters may care for such views, but they will support him anyway, and he does not need to trouble himself about them. He struck the right note in his speech in Brooklyn on Saturday evening, when he said:

"I will strive with all my might, so far as I can see my duty, to do it for the whole people. I shall feel that it is to the people that I owe my position. To them I will hold myself accountable, and I shall strive so to administer that great office that when I am through, each one of you shall have cause for satisfaction in having put forth his effort to put me there. I shall feel that I can best serve my party by helping that party serve the State. And there is one thing, one test,

on which I shall insist in every public officer with whom I ever have anything whatsoever to do, and that is rigid honesty. I feel that the two great principles for this nation nowadays are these: first, to uphold the national honor abroad, and second, and even more important, to insist upon the highest standard of honesty at home. As for the course that I intend to pursue, it will be modelled upon those very ancient rules of conduct which you will find in the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. And loyal though I shall be to the principles for which I stand, the party principles, there are one or two rules of conduct that stand above any party principles, and they are included in the command, 'Thou shalt not steal, nor shalt thou let any one else steal.'"

On that platform he can win, but he will meet disaster if he puts that in the second place and the war and expansion in front. There is no doubt about the attitude of the people of the State toward the Black Administration. They are disgusted with its canal corruption and with Payn and Aldrich as its leading representatives. Their natural inclination, as in all like situations, is to turn the offending party out and trust to the other party to do a little better. This inclination is checked in two ways, first, by Roosevelt's personal character, and, second, by the Tammany influence which is behind Van Wyck's candidacy. If the Democrats had nominated some man of high character who was not the personal choice of Croker and was not the brother of Croker's Mayor, Col. Roosevelt's prospects would be much poorer to-day than they are.

But it will not do for him to trust too much to the popular dislike of Tammany. In the first place, there is a huge body of voters in all the large cities of the State who like Tammany and will vote with it from choice. For reasons which need not be mentioned now, that body will be unusually large this year. The glamour of the war, as personified in Roosevelt, will not be felt within this mass. The voters whom he can influence are all outside this mass and all outside the other great mass, the regular Republicans. He can obtain their support, as we have said, by convincing them of his ability and determination to give the State honest rule, and he can alienate it by convincing them that his election would be construed as an "imperialistic triumph." Against the prospect of a national Jingo boom at Washington, even the spectre of Tammany control of the State would not avail as a worse alternative. Thousands of voters will reason that at its worst Tammany control would be local and for only two years, whereas if we were once to enter upon an era of unlimited, unrestrained expansion, the consequences would affect the whole country, would be incomparably more harmful to our national life than anything Tammany could do, and would be irrevocable. We can upset a Tammany government in this State at the end of two years, but we can never turn back after we have surrendered the nation to the policy of "manifest destiny." Col. Roosevelt and

his managers may not like this reasoning, but it is going on in the minds of the voters who will decide his fate next month, and it will be the part of political wisdom for him and them to take due account of it.

LABOR COPARTNERSHIP.

Few persons in this country are acquainted with the term 'Labor Copartnership,' which forms the title of a book of 350 pages by Henry D. Lloyd, just published by Harper & Bros. This system constitutes the latest outgrowth of coöperation in Great Britain. What is commonly understood by coöperation is the coöperative store, where the co-operators furnish the capital for the store and receive dividends in proportion to their purchases. Labor copartnership is an evolution of the coöperative store. It is production on the partnership principle. It is not confined to any particular industry. It embraces farming and butter-making, as well as weaving, printing, house-painting, hosiery, silk-making, shoe-making, gas-making, and other manufactures. There are now in Great Britain 152 societies of this description, having a paid-up capital of more than one million pounds, and an aggregate annual profit of £112,991, after paying all expenses, including the usual rate of wages in their respective trades. Some of these are managed wholly by the workingmen concerned. Others, like the South Metropolitan Gas Company of London, are conducted on the capitalistic plan, but the shareholding is so arranged that a large part of the profits go to the coal-stokers and other men who perform the manual labor. There are almost as many different varieties of labor partnerships as there are different occupations, and the distinguishing feature of the whole is that they are all on a paying basis, although they did not all get there at the first attempt. The chief significance of the movement is that, so far as it has progressed, it has realized all that socialism ever promised to the working classes, and has done so without any social disturbance, without encroaching upon any other person's rights, and without asking any special favors from the Government.

Nearly all of these enterprises have begun in a fortuitous, unpremeditated way. A few men have contributed a few shillings or pounds that they had saved as capital and applied it to some kind of work, and, having confidence in each other, and being mutually faithful and industrious, their business has grown. They have taken on new hands as required, each new one becoming a partner as well as an employee, and so they have gone on adding to the common plant by diligence, honesty, intelligence, and thrift. For example, the "Equity," which is a coöperative boot and shoe factory in

Leicester, began in 1887 in a little, insignificant shop in a back street of that city. It now has a building so large that the hall in the top story, which is devoted to the social and educational purposes of its members, will seat 250 people, and there are besides a library, a reading-room, and a piano. This society owns the building and the land on which it is situated. "There has never been a strike," says Mr. Lloyd, and why should workmen strike when there is nobody to be injured but themselves? As a general rule, the labor copartnerships do not favor high wages. Cheapness of production and low prices in the market are the ends they aim at. They think that labor gets its surest and best reward by the abundance of goods placed within its reach, differing in this respect from the silver men in the United States, who consider high prices the best thing for the poor.

One of the most remarkable institutions described by Mr. Lloyd is the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, which owes its success chiefly to the labors and genius of Mr. Horace Plunkett, M.P. Mr. Plunkett first addressed himself to the task of establishing coöperative creameries among Irish farmers—that is, creameries owned and operated by themselves. The task was not an easy one. The farmers had no faith in it, but Mr. Plunkett persevered. His idea was that a saving could be effected by making all the butter of a dozen farms in one place and by one set of rules, that the highest scientific skill could thus be brought to the farmers' aid and the greatest savings of the raw material effected, and that these savings might be and ought to be realized by the farmer himself. By the end of 1893 he had thirty coöperative creameries going, and it was found that the cows yielded an increased profit of 10 to 35 per cent. Not a penny of capital had been contributed by anybody but the farmers themselves. This was only the beginning, however. The creameries joined together to form a society for disposing of their products, and another for buying their seeds and manures, thus saving an additional profit.

The success of this society has been very great, and it has contributed more than anything else to the pacification of the country and the subsidence of Irish unrest. The subordinate societies, which in 1893 numbered 30, have grown to 131. There are 8,750 shareholders. Their output for 1896 was \$1,417,290. Perhaps the most surprising result of all is found in one part of Ireland, where the farmers by coöperation in the first year were able to save in the cost of their material more than the total rent paid by all the members of the association. The total profit and saving to these farmers arising from the coöperative creameries and the coöperative purchases since the experiment began in 1889, has been \$2,156,765. And it all grows out of the initiative and in-

telligence of one man, who took for his keynote the saying that "the Irish farmers must work out their own salvation." What a contrast is this with the fuming and vaporing of Carl Marx, and his endeavors to set class against class by talking about the exploitation of labor by capital. Along comes a man named Plunkett, without writing any books or having any theories except the precious one of self-reliance, and puts \$2,000,000 into the pockets of Irish peasants and contentment into their hearts in the course of ten years, without doing any harm to any other living creature.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in Mr. Lloyd's book is his story of the gradual engrafting of workman-ownership upon the South Metropolitan Gas Company of London, which has a capital of \$35,000,000 and annual earnings of \$3,300,000. This company has 3,000 men in its employ. It shares its profits with them, and has during the present year admitted two workingmen to its board of directors. This great work has been built up and conducted on the plan of labor partnership by Mr. Thomas Livesey and his son Mr. George Livesey. It was never more flourishing than it is to-day. The history of the company is as interesting as a novel—far more so than Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward'—because every word of it is true and can be verified by any onlooker who will take the trouble, as Mr. Lloyd did, to go and see for himself. We do not look for the millennium very soon, but we do think that it is more likely to come by the road followed by Mr. Plunkett, the Liveseys, and the men who are working along the same line with them than by any other now visible.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

ST. HELEN'S, Isle of Wight,
September 17, 1898.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has just held a very successful meeting at Bristol, under the presidency of Sir William Crookes, the distinguished chemist. The President's address was delivered on Wednesday evening, September 7, before a large audience. Sir William discussed the world's food supply, finding that the production of wheat was not keeping pace with the consumption, and suggesting that the requisite nitrate of soda for raising the needed crops could be secured by the fixation of the free nitrogen of the air. He himself showed, at a soirée of the Royal Society in 1892, a process by which the atmospheric air could be ignited by passing a strong induction current between terminals, thus producing nitrous and nitric acids. He declared that Niagara alone could generate, "without much lessening its mighty flow," the electric energy necessary to produce the 12,000,000 tons of nitrate of soda required. Taking up some of the later developments of chemical and physical science, the President mentioned the discovery of new gases by Ramsey, the development of wireless telegraphy by Lodge and Marconi, recent advances in Röntgen-ray work, and

other remarkable scientific events. He also announced the discovery by himself of a new earth, which he proposes to call "monium"—seeing that "the group of lines which betrayed its existence stand alone, almost at the extreme end of the ultra-violet spectrum."

Something of a stir was caused by Sir William's allusions at the end of his address to psychic research and telepathy. It will be remembered that he some time ago announced his conversion to telepathy, which he describes in this address as "the fundamental law (as I believe it to be) that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense—that knowledge may enter the human mind without being communicated in any hitherto known or recognized ways." His President's address before the Society for Psychical Research will also be recalled. He brought the subject well within the scope of scientific explanation at Bristol by advocating the hypothesis—not new in its general features—that there is some form of vibratory transmission from brain to brain. The speaker likened the brain cells to Lodge coherers, and proceeded: "The structure of brain and nerve being similar, it is conceivable there may be present masses of such nerve coherers in the brain, whose special function it may be to receive impulses brought from without through the connecting sequence of ether waves of appropriate order of magnitude." While the British Association is to be congratulated on this soberness of view in the President, it is not likely that the left wing of the Psychic Research army will be at all satisfied. Indeed, they had challenged Sir William to make this the occasion of a pronunciamiento. In the official sermon before the Association in the Cathedral of Bristol on Sunday, the Bishop declared that Sir William Crookes had not gone far enough, and that, in appealing to the brain and ether waves for an explanation of telepathy, he had "put a diaphragm before his eyes." On the other hand, psychologists will look with some impatience upon the confusion which leads to the association of "psychical research" with experimental psychology in the context of the sentence, "Difficulties are things to be overcome, even in the elusory branch of research known as experimental psychology." For if experimental psychology means anything, it means definiteness of problems and method. It is suggestive to note that the experimental psychologists do not interest themselves in psychical research, and, with a notable exception or two, the general psychologists of standing do not, while the men of eminence who are convinced of telepathy are largely from other departments, notably physicists, who presumably have had no training in psychology. Sir William Crookes illustrates this in his address in his allusions to "alternating personalities" and hypnotism.

The sectional presidents' addresses were, as usual, of high quality. In zoölogy, Prof. Weldon rescued so-called "chance" from its disrepute, showing that through the labors of Galton and Karl Pearson statistical results heretofore refractory and due to so-called chance can now be treated and their curves of distribution analyzed. This was apropos of the "objection to natural selection" that order cannot come out of chance; but the value of the newer mathematical way of treating variations, etc., goes much further than the testing of natural selection.

It puts in the hands of naturalists an instrument of extraordinary value for the quantitative study of the life-data upon which the theory of evolution depends, and already Pearson has applied it to confirm the law of heredity (Galton's), according to which the offspring inherits, on the average, one-half from his parents, one-fourth from his grandparents, and the rest from all his earlier ancestors. Heredity is the citadel of what is positive in biological progress, and it has heretofore been largely theorized about. Biologists must now either learn to use this exact method or submit their observations to those who can. Prof. Weldon also gave the results of some experiments of his, conducted with great ingenuity and industry, showing that the diminished frontal breadth of crabs in Plymouth Bay is due to a destructive death-rate among those of larger frontal measurements caused by china clays in the water; that is, he demonstrates natural selection at work upon such insignificant variations as slight differences in frontal breadth. This is to illustrate the answer to another of the "Objections to Natural Selection" (such was the title of his address), viz., the objection that small differences are not of sufficient importance for evolution. Prof. Weldon's definition of natural selection in terms of such differences is good: "The theory of natural selection is a theory of the importance of differences between individual animals." It is to be hoped that this paper will have wide circulation among naturalists, and will lead them to study the memoirs of Prof. Pearson, the results of which are more popularly stated in the latter author's work "The Chances of Death."

Before the physical section the President, Prof. Ayrton, reported some interesting experiments on the physics of smell. He found that the metals, even iron, steel, and brass, contrary to general opinion, have no smell when perfectly clean and not touched by the hand; yet when slightly breathed upon or rubbed with the skin of the hand, their characteristic smells come out. The finger will cause a peculiar smell when rubbed on aluminium even through a layer of moist linen. He attributes the effect to chemical action (the production of hydro-carbons), which is aided by the friction of rubbing; and thinks that no particles of the metal reach the nose. Another interesting result is that the diffusion of smells through the air is extremely slow, the appearance of quick passage being due to currents of air. Even in active smelling we need to sniff up the odor, thus producing an inward draught through the nostrils. He finds, indeed, that we have two ways of stimulating our sense of smell: that mentioned, the sniffing *inwards*, and, besides that, the stimulation from particles in the mouth, which give flavors when we breathe *outwards*. "We can experience," he says, "alternately two totally different smells by placing one substance outside the nose and the other inside the mouth, the one smell being noticed in inhaling and the other in exhaling." The rapidity of diffusion of most smells is greatly increased in a vacuum. Prof. Ayrton also spoke of the new publication *Science Abstracts*, of which the first issue appeared last January. It arose from the need of having prompt and reliable abstracts of all memoirs and papers on physi-

cal subjects appearing in all languages, and was undertaken jointly by the Physical Society of London and the Institution of Electrical Engineers—the former society having in 1895 begun a series of such abstracts of papers in foreign languages only. It would seem to be a useful and reliable publication, and the appeal for its support will no doubt be responded to by American physicists.

In anthropology Dr. Brabrook gave a presidential résumé of recent progress. He spoke of the "Anthropological Sciences" after the French fashion, including all the "sciences of man." It is doubtful whether one section of any association can cover so much ground; and it is evident that both the speaker and his section have a much more circumscribed province. He emphasized folk-lore and the evolution of conceptions—particularly religious conceptions—as illustrating the generalization that there is a "tendency of mankind to develop the like fancies and ideas at the like stage of intellectual infancy." He also mentioned the generalizations that are based upon analogy between epochs of individual development and those of mankind at large and between existing savages and primitive peoples. The illustrations given of the first great generalization, though mainly not new, were very instructive; but in dealing with the analogy between the individual and the race he drew only on the folk-lore collections of Mrs. Gomme and Miss Fox, neglecting entirely all the material and the discussions published by American psychologists in recent years. He reported progress on the part of the Ethnographical Survey Committee who are making exhaustive records of everything concerning the more primitive peoples in the British Empire. The project for the formation of a bureau of ethnology for Greater Britain, which I mentioned in noticing the meeting at Toronto last year, has also made progress. The trustees of the British Museum have consented to have such a bureau established in connection with the Museum, and joint representations to the Government are being made by the British Museum and the British Association. In this connection Dr. Brabrook made the customary complimentary allusion to the American Bureau of Ethnology in very strong terms.

The other sectional presidents' addresses were by Prof. Japp (chemical) on "Stereo-Chemistry and Vitalism" (an original argument for vitalism based on the molecular and crystalline asymmetry of certain organic compounds—"a phenomenon inexplicable on the assumption that merely mechanical symmetric forces are at work"—which will, no doubt, be welcomed by the rapidly lessening school of American vitalists); W. H. Hudleston (geological); Col. Church (geographical); J. Bonar (economic); Sir J. W. Barry (mechanical); Prof. Bower (botanical)—an interesting discussion of plant morphology; Prof. Rücker (conference on Terrestrial Magnetism).*

In the proceedings of the sections much work was done. Physiology and zoölogy met together, seeing that the Cambridge Congresses exhausted much of the available material. For the same reason the attendance in these sections was smaller than usual. Of the important papers read in this section, I may mention the report by Prof. Poulton of Oxford and Miss Sanders of ex-

*Published by Arnold. The biological essays should be published separately. As it is, one must pay \$8 for two large volumes of essays on different subjects.

*All the sectional addresses and Sir William Crookes's can be had bound together in paper for one shilling (Offices of the British Association, Burlington House, W., London).

periments to test the action of Natural Selection by exposing certain pupæ in the open, and, after set intervals of time, observing the total number of those which remain, together with those which have emerged as butterflies; the inference being that the remainder have been taken by enemies. The experiments were made more critical, also, by taking pupæ which showed different degrees of protective coloring, the differential loss of the various sorts indicating varying degrees of protection and selection. The observations were made in three places: the garden of Magdalen College, Oxford (Addison's Walk), a high altitude (Mürren), in Switzerland, and St. Helen's in the Isle of Wight. The greatest care was taken with all the details of the selection, fastening (to fences, trees, etc.), and observation of the chrysalises—details into which I cannot enter here—and the result was held to demonstrate the reality of the "struggle for existence" at the chrysalis stage (as against Bateson), with its variations at the different localities, and the consequent "natural selection" of the fittest as between the differently colored pupæ. At Oxford the proportion of pupæ which were carried off—presumably by birds—was larger (54 out of 59) than at either of the other localities, St. Helen's showing less of the "struggle" (259 out of 378), and the Swiss locality practically none (17 out of 112). This last result is interesting as showing also the absence of natural selection, and may be accounted for by the lack of birds in this high altitude. Such a result justifies in so far the performance of the experiments in different localities. Yet—as the present writer remarked in the discussion which followed the reading of the paper—it is a pity that the number of observations was not made larger at Oxford, for the point of greatest interest is that of the competition for survival of the different sorts of pupæ. The Oxford results show this in a few instances, certain pupæ being taken soonest and oftenest; and the authors think that when the results are all worked out (they have not yet had time to do this), the selective action of the destroying agents will be demonstrated. It is to be hoped that this result will come out; yet for such statistical computations a large number of cases is necessary, in order to eliminate the effect of local and other inessential conditions.* Assuming that the destruction is the work of birds—in one case a bird was observed on a tree-trunk just as a pupa exposed there disappeared—these results go well with those of Prof. Lloyd Morgan, which showed that caterpillars are actually protected from young fowls by their color, the fowls learning by rapid experience which colors belong to the inedible ones.† Prof. Poulton also delivered the evening lecture to workmen on the warning and recognition characters of animals, and exhibited to the section the specimens by which Mr. G. A. K. Marshall has shown that two differently colored butterflies (*Precis octavia natalensis* and *P. sesamus*), heretofore considered distinct, are seasonal forms of the same species.

In the same section, Prof. Lloyd Morgan, who was in many ways a most active member of the Association—the dependence of the local committee and a reader of papers before

*Prof. Poulton intends to make another series of observations in Magdalen Garden.

†Fritz Müller's theory of common warning colors might be tested by experiments similar to those of Lloyd Morgan—if, indeed, the latter author has not already done it.

three different sections—read on "Experiments on Animal Intelligence." He gave a résumé, with criticisms, of the recent *Psychological Review* monograph by Mr. Thorndyke of Columbia University, and reported interesting results of his own. Mr. Francis Galton explained a plan which he is submitting to the breeding societies of Great Britain for the recording of the photographs of horses. Among the uses of such photographs he suggests that if taken for several generations they could be compounded in different ratios (represented by their respective time-exposures) in "composite photographs," which would illustrate the contribution to the heredity of the particular animal made by each of the ancestors represented. That is, the composite of the ancestors, properly made, should show marked likeness to the photograph of the individual horse. He showed some composite photographs of horses made in accordance with the principle of heredity noted above as—"Galton's." This hardly takes sufficient account of the variations shown by particular animals, even allowing that the method of "mixing" by the "composite photograph" be adequate; a certain number of "brothers and sisters" should also be "composited" in order to get an animal which could be compared with the composite of the ancestors of any one of the brothers and sisters. But if the series of photographs are taken, all sorts of experiments can be made with them; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Galton's plan will be taken up in America as well as in England.*

The International Conference on Terrestrial Magnetism and Atmospheric Electricity met at Bristol in connection with the British Association. Its next meeting is to be in Russia, while the British Association meets next year at Dover in the week before or after the meeting of the French Association at Boulogne. International courtesies are to be a feature of this Anglo-French arrangement; possibly even the formation of an International Association for the Advancement of Science—an idea strongly advocated in America by the editor of *Science*. The President of the British Association for the Dover meeting is Prof. Michael Foster, the distinguished physiologist of Cambridge. The American representation at the Bristol meeting was not large; in the anthropological section there were Profs. Joseph Jastrow and Wrong; in the zoological, Profs. Marsh, Macallum, and Baldwin; in the anthropological, Mrs. Nuttall; in the economic, Mr. B. E. Walker of the Canadian Bank of Commerce—a list, however, which is not exhaustive. A mild sensation of the meeting was the story of M. Louis de Rougement, who read papers before the anthropological and geographical sections. A good deal of scepticism regarding him prevailed among those competent to judge, and it may be well to await further "returns" before taking him too seriously. American readers will have seen or heard of his much-advertised articles in the *Wide World* magazine.

Mention should be made of the interesting exhibits and demonstrations of recent scientific discoveries at the conversazioni in the beautiful grounds and buildings of Clifton College on Thursday and Tuesday evenings; among them were highly successful demonstrations of wireless telegraphy, both

*No doubt he will be willing to communicate details or send his paper to any responsible person who may write him at 42 Rutland Gate, S. W., London.

the Preece and the Lodge-Marconi systems, and of the spectra of the gases argon, helium, krypton, neon, xenon, by Prof. Ramsey. Great enthusiasm was excited by the lecture of Mr. Herbert Jackson on "Phosphorescence," a lecture equally remarkable for matter, for demonstrations, and for delivery. A large attendance was secured also at the Biological Exhibition opened on the second day by Sir John Lubbock. It included a good collection of plants, the animals of the Bristol "Zoo," and a marine exhibit from the Plymouth Biological Station. The most important money-grant this year was, I understand, a sum for determining certain electrical units—of which, however, I have not seen the details.

In conclusion, I must remark briefly on the splendid situation of Bristol for such a gathering. The excursions were a great delight, both to the expert geologists and to the ordinary members interested in history and the prehistoric, and moved by natural beauty. The efficiency of the local committees was much remarked upon, while the hospitality, both of the city and of its private citizens, was unbounded. The presence of four men-of-war sent to honor the city and the visiting men of science added an additional feature of interest.

J. M. B.

TOLSTOY ON ART.

PARIS, September 22, 1898.

"What Is Art?" is the title of a new volume by Count Leon Tolstoy, and, though the later productions of this illustrious writer are much inferior to those which made his world-wide reputation, it is impossible not to watch with much interest the development of a great and noble mind. The author of 'War and Peace' had already in him the germs of the doctrine of non-resistance which he has lately expounded. Tolstoy has become an open enemy of war and, it might be said, of patriotism, considered as one of the causes of war. He has become purely evangelical, and he knows no better or higher law than the law of charity, fraternity, and forgiveness taught by Christ.

It is not impossible that Tolstoy's influence should have something to do with the *état d'âme* (a phrase now often used in France) of the young Tsar, who, following only the impulse of his heart, without consulting anybody, has lately proposed to all the Powers to hold a conference with a view to disarmament, or at least to a gradual and systematic diminution of the enormous army and navy budgets. The paramount influence with the Tsar, as it was with his father, has been the orthodox Holy Synod; but it may well be that the influence of the Tolstolian doctrines reinforced the influence of those who have been working to maintain in its purity the autocratic character of the Emperor, so as to increase his power for making great reforms. The emancipation of the serfs was an autocratic act, and we must view in the same light the initiative just taken by Nicholas II. in the interest of the peace of Europe.

I will not dwell here on this extraordinary act of autocratic initiative, nor examine what results it may have in the present or in the future. I return to Tolstoy. It is certainly very interesting to see the author of 'Anna Karénina,' one of the most thrilling novels of our time, making light of all romantic

literature and trying to find the elements of a purely "Christian art." The French translator, M. de Wyzewa, remarks in his preface that, at the age of seventy, Tolstoy has succeeded in writing the best and most artistic book on aesthetics; a book in which "the same idea is pursued from beginning to end, with an ardor, a vigor, a precision truly admirable." He wonders, however, that Tolstoy, after having demonstrated the absurdity of the numerous attempts made to this day to analyze beauty and art, has had the courage to make in his turn the same attempt, and has tried to explain once more things which have so many reasons for being inexplicable. If Baumgarten, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Schiller, Goethe, Darwin, Renan, and Wagner failed to find a suitable definition of art, is it not because art cannot well be defined, and escapes all analysis? I must confess that I could not take much interest, nor find anything very original, in what may be called the dogmatic part of Tolstoy's new work. I care little for definitions of art and of beauty, or for criticism composed of such definitions. The real interest of Tolstoy's essay (for it is an essay rather than the exposition of a doctrine) lies in its criticism of modern literature and of modern music.

There is much truth in his chapters on what he calls the perversion of art. "Instead," he says, "of an art tending to address the highest sentiments of humanity, those which spring from a religious conception of life, we have an art which tends merely to give the greatest amount of pleasure possible to a particular class of society." The sources of inspiration have been dried up, and art, devoting itself chiefly to a narrow and privileged class, has expressed only sentiments which are peculiar to this class—vanity, sexual desire, disgust of life. Abnormal sentiments require abnormal expression; the language of art has thus become by degrees more artificial, more constrained, and more obscure. This obscurity has in our time been the pride of a school which entitles itself the school of the "Décadents," and I was surprised to find Tolstoy acquainted with the Décadents, a poetical school which is a sort of mutual-admiration society, and which is totally unknown to many cultivated French people. This school affects obscurity, vagueness, oddity; it is one of those excrescences of Parisian life which are unknown outside of the limits of the capital, or even of Montmartre. The hill of Montmartre has become of late years a sort of sacred mount, devoted to the lowest forms of theatrical art and of poetry. In all sorts of corners, you may find there small theatres where extraordinary songs are sung by their authors, where realistic dramas of the most cynical and horrible kind are played, as well as symbolical plays—so symbolical that nobody can understand them. The success of the "Chat Noir," a typical theatre of this sort, has been such that a hundred similar little theatres are now spread on the sacred mount as mushrooms grow in the wet season in a single night. As little importance ought to be given to the numerous poems of the "Décadents" as to the theatrical essays of the school of the "Chat Noir." You will find very few people acquainted with the verses of Verlaine, of Jean Moréas, Charles Morice, Henri de Régnier, Charles Vignier, Adrien Remacle, René Ghil, etc. I was, I confess, stupefied to find these names, some of them unknown to me, in Tolstoy's

book, as well as those of the magi Sâr Péladan, Paul Adam.

Many of the writers whom Tolstoy considers as representative are really beneath contempt. It is hardly worth while to criticise such poets as Stéphane Mallarmé, who not only abolished rhyme in his verse, but also reason. "Ni rime ni raison," might be his motto. The once famous Baudelaire, author of the "Fleurs du Mal," was one of the prophets of the new school; he at least is worthy to be criticised by Tolstoy, who justly finds him wilfully obscure and cynically obscene. He pays the honor of his criticism also to the unfortunate Verlaine, who died not long ago. Verlaine had a touch of sentiment, but he was a pure Bohemian. "His philosophy," says Tolstoy, "consisted in the vilest debauchery, in the confession of his moral impotence, and, as an antidote to this impotence, in the coarsest Catholic idolatry." Like Baudelaire, Verlaine was totally wanting in sincerity, in simplicity. Like all the poets of the new school, he was affected, self-satisfied, and eccentric. "How," asks Tolstoy, "can the French, who have possessed Chénier, Lamartine, Musset, and Hugo, who not long ago had the Parnassians, Leconte de Lisle, Sully-Prudhomme, invest with so much importance and so glorify two poets so imperfect in the form, so vulgar and so low in the essence, of their subjects?" There are hundreds of poets of the new schools who produce unreadable works. Lemerre, the publisher, is always ready to publish them, not at his own expense, but at theirs. Their volumes are to be found on the quay, in the wooden boxes of our *bouquinistes*, generally uncut; the volumes sent to the press or to friends always take immediately the road to the quays, and you can find them there in their virginal covers. Thousands of copies of such works are printed not only in France, but also in Germany, if we are to believe Tolstoy, in Sweden, in Italy, and in Russia; they represent millions of days' work, "as much as was employed in building the great Pyramid."

The same phenomenon is observable in the other arts—painting, music, theatrical plays; millions of days' work is employed in the production of incomprehensible works. Tolstoy cites notes taken in 1894 by a friend of his in Paris:

"I have been to-day to three exhibitions, of the Symbolists, the Impressionists, and the Neo-Impressionists. I looked at all the pictures with much care and conscientiousness, and they all threw me into the same stupor. The most comprehensible of the three exhibitions seemed to me to be that of the Impressionists. I saw there the works of a certain Camille Pissarro in which the drawing was so undetermined that it was impossible to discover in what direction a head or a hand was turned. The subjects were generally 'effects'—*effets de brouillard, effet du soir, soleil couchant*. . . . There were in the same gallery other pictures by Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Sisley, all Impressionists. One of them had painted a face entirely blue. . . ."

Obscurity is one of the characteristics of the new school of art. Incomprehensibility has become a "desideratum," and it is not uncommon to hear a writer, a painter, a sculptor, or a musician say: "I create works and I understand them; if anybody else does not understand them, so much the worse for him." Tolstoy might have added to the gallery of artists whom he criticises the sculptor Rodin, who has lately made a statue of Balzac in which you may see anything

you like except Balzac. There is much truth in what Tolstoy says: "To pretend that a work of art is good and nevertheless incomprehensible to the majority of men, is as if you said of a certain food that it is good, but that most people ought not to eat it." Tolstoy accuses the modern school of a total want of originality. Many writers, who have mastered only the technical side of art, borrow on every hand. Greek antiquity, Christianity, mythology, everything is forced to contribute to works which the public mistakes for works of art. "A very typical example of these counterfeits of art, in poetry, is furnished by the 'Distant Princess' of Rostand [the author of 'Cyrano de Bergerac'], a play entirely made up of borrowed fragments, in which there is certainly not an atom of art or of poetry; but this does not prevent it from appearing poetical to a number of people and probably to the author himself."

Correspondence.

CHICAGO AND THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent from Pittsfield, Mass., who signs himself "W.," maintains that the rural districts are not for war or territorial expansion, and have not been; but does he not make an unwarranted concession in admitting that the cities are or have been for war? So far as Chicago is concerned (and he mentions it specially), I do not believe there is any warrant for such an assumption. While there is a mob here, as elsewhere, who take their cue from the ravings of a bloodthirsty and mercenary press, and who are ready, as "W." says, "to shriek for any measure or any barbarity, however wicked and senseless, provided only the cry is started," yet I am convinced that the sober sense of this community, at least, has never looked with favor on the war which for a space has failed. But the mob, and the newspapers which are their natural organs, exercised a singular species of terrorism over the decent and intelligent elements, out of all proportion to their power for either good or evil. People fancied that it would not do to express disapprobation of the war, whatever they might think of it; that, on the contrary, some little effusiveness in its favor was a necessary tribute to what they imagined was public opinion. And so there was much damning with faint praise.

The writer never hesitated, in and out of season, to express his opinion that the war was a wanton and unjustifiable piece of aggression, forced upon an unwilling nation by false pretences, and by the demands of newspapers that would shrink from nothing short of the extermination of the race, if it might increase the sale of their detestable wares. Time and again has he interrupted perfunctory symposia in laudation of the war with this discordant note; and he has yet to find an instance in which the symposiarchs, after closing the doors, windows, and keyholes, and making sure that there were no reporters in the room, have not, for the most part, agreed with him.

I am satisfied (speaking for this latitude and longitude) that there has been but little difference of opinion on this score among men of sufficient intelligence and morality to make their opinions on any subject worth

anything, and excepting always the clergy, who, in the simplicity of their unworldliness, appear to have taken the newspapers seriously, and to have really believed that a war to boom circulations was a moral crusade.

But the intelligence and morality of the community has had no voice, no leader, no organ, and, I fear it must be said, no courage. It has accepted without challenge the ridiculous claim of the commercial adventurers who style themselves "journalists" that they represent public opinion, and has cowered timidly before mere noise and assurance—"the beating of a distant drum." This war has been initiated and carried through largely by the assumption, brazenly made by those pecuniarily and politically interested in having it, that they represented public opinion; and they have been enabled to succeed largely by the supine terror of those whose souls revolted at the war, but whose courage was not equal to that of the editors and the brass bands.

HOWARD LESLIE SMITH.

CHICAGO, October 5, 1898.

BABBLINGS OF THE ANNEXATIONISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent issue you have an article entitled "The 'New Duties' and 'New Relations.'" I should like to call particular attention to blatherskite quite as noticeable as that you cite. A prominent article in the *North American Review* for October contains the following in explanation of what would happen in case Great Britain purchased the Philippines:

"By the acquisition of the Philippines, Great Britain would acquire the prospect of such preponderance in the Far East that the other Powers would feel constrained, by a sense of self-preservation, to avert it by a general war. Our duty to mankind enjoins us not to precipitate a general war, and the surest mode of discharging that duty is to take the Philippines ourselves."

Again:

"The civilizing of the southern islands, which have collectively a superficies of about 75,000 square miles, would be a *trivial task* to the American people, which, in less than a century, has reclaimed the vast region lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific."

Mr. Roosevelt, in his speech at Carnegie Hall, put himself in this attitude: "Let us live in the harness, striving mightily; let us rather run the risk of wearing out than *rusting out*."

All comment on such stuff is unnecessary now. The deplorable fact is that so many believe it. A well-known minister, in a recent sermon in which he pointed out our opportunities of spreading the Christian religion among the heathen, summarily disposed of the political side of the question by saying that if the Dutch could successfully control their West Indian possessions, he saw no reason why we should not take the Philippines to ourselves and conduct a successful government there. This would be funny but for the fact that this man has large audiences and his words usually carry great weight.

It seems that the greatest mistake which people make in dealing with this question is that they argue from precedents and reason by analogy, when, in fact, precedent is detrimental to the annexationists, and no analogy can be even approximately true for the conditions now existing; and the coun-

tries involved are not the duplicates of any that ever existed before.—Respectfully,

W. ED. BAIRD.

NASHVILLE, TENN., October 8, 1898.

THE WAR AND YELLOW JOURNALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A reliable and experienced paper dealer here gave me the following facts regarding the sale of New York morning papers during and since the war with Spain:

	During the war.	At present.
Journal	50	3
World	42	15
Press	25	5
Herald	15	22
Sun	15	25
Times	2	4
Tribune	6	11
Total	155	85

Jingoism is, however, yet rampant.

T. B. B.

NEWBURGH-ON-HUDSON, October 5, 1898.

Notes.

The Marion Press, Jamaica, N. Y., has in preparation 'Some Unpublished Letters of Henry D. and Sophia E. Thoreau'; 'Classic English Odes,' selected, with an introduction, by Frank L. Babbott; 'The Bull in the China-Shop,' poems by the author of 'Vanities in Verse'; 'Account of the Departure of Charles, Prince of Wales, from Madrid, in 1623,' now first translated from the Spanish by Archer M. Huntington; 'The Tsar's Peace, and Other Dreams,' by William Reed Huntington; 'The New Gulliver,' a fable, by Wendell P. Garrison; and 'The World As It Is,' by Edward Lytton Bulwer.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will soon bring out 'The True Benjamin Franklin'; Merewether's 'A Tour through the Famine Districts of India'; and correspondence between Charles Lamb and Robert Lloyd.

'The Day's Work,' by Rudyard Kipling, and 'A Gunner Aboard the Yankee,' with an introduction by Rear-Admiral Sampson, are, announced by Doubleday & McClure Co.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish at once a translation by G. G. Berry of Langlois and Seignobos's 'Introduction to the Study of History.'

Shortly forthcoming from the New Amsterdam Book Co. are 'The Nation's Awakening' and 'Imperial Defence,' by Capt. Spencer Wilkinson; 'To Klondike and Back,' by J. H. E. Secretan; Lady Winifred Howard's 'Journal of a Tour in the United States, Canada, and Mexico,' with photographic illustrations; 'Chronicle of the Gaiety Theatre,' by John Hollingshead; 'Private Papers of William Wilberforce,' being Pitt's letters to him; 'Greece in the Nineteenth Century,' by Lewis Sergeant; 'British Guiana; or, Work and Wanderings among the Creoles and Coolies, the Africans and Indians of the Wild Country,' by the Rev. L. Crookall; 'Pioneering in Formosa,' by W. A. Pickering; and 'Bachelor Ballads,' by Thackeray, Hood, Lamb, and others, with illustrations by Blanche McManus.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York, announce for immediate publication, as new works in their Forest and Stream Series, 'Hitting vs. Missing with the Shotgun,' by S. T. Hammond, and 'The Manual of the Canvas Canoe,' by Commodore F. R. Webb.

Edward W. Dayton, No. 650 Madison Avenue, New York, will issue in November 'My Park Book,' by Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer.

The Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of All Souls' Church, in this city, has in press a volume on 'The Great Affirmations of Religion,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, will publish in a few weeks.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have nearly ready 'The Land of the Pigmies,' by Captain Guy Burrows, with an introduction by the explorer Stanley.

The Brothers of the Book, Gouverneur, N. Y., have in preparation 'The Golden Person in the Heart,' metrical renderings from the Upanishads and other sacred books of the East, by Claude Fayette Bragdon. The edition will be limited.

'My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution' is the title of a compilation by Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, in the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

'Contributions to *Punch*' is the title given to the latest volume of the Biographical Thackeray (Harpers). In the resonance of his larger work and fame we are apt to forget what the *Punch* connection meant to the novelist at the time. When he was in Cairo, the people were all saying: "*Punch* is staying at the hotel." "There, that is *Punch*." Such was the repute attached to a seat at the famous editorial mahogany tree. Mrs. Ritchie tells us that her father's sketches in *Punch* are estimated at \$30, and the articles were probably a greater number. Some not commonly reprinted are preserved here. As is well known, Thackeray broke off his connection with *Punch* through disapproving its political cartoons—though he never absolutely broke it off, Mrs. Ritchie explains. The manner of man he was at this period (1843-1854) is hit off in a letter of Fitzgerald's to Frederick Tennyson, dated 1845—"Meanwhile old Thackeray laughs at all this [artist's cliques], and goes on in his own way, writing hard for half-a-dozen reviews and newspapers all the morning; driving, drinking, and talking of a night; managing to preserve a fresh color and perpetual flow of spirits under a wear and tear of thinking and feeding that would have knocked up any other man I know two years ago at least."

The traps and pitfalls which are laid with such profusion for the beginner at golf, and which even the older hand may consider himself fortunate to avoid entirely, are described in rhyme by W. G. Van T. Sutphen in 'The Golfer's Alphabet' (Harper & Bros.) in a manner to amuse those who have been through the mill. Characteristic illustrations by A. B. Frost add a pictorial humor to the little volume which should make it welcome to the enthusiast, whether a novice or a master of the game. And still this clever artist of outdoor life and sport is not a born caricaturist.

'A Text-Book of Geodetic Astronomy,' by John C. Hayford (John Wiley & Sons), is a thorough and carefully got-up work. It is confined to the sextant, the transit in the meridian, the zenith-telescope, and the determination of azimuth. The student is even sent elsewhere for his doctrine of least squares. The author favors field reductions of time observations without weights; but it is, if anything, simpler, and certainly much more satisfactory, to weight the stars proportionally to the cosine squares of the declinations.

Books like Augustus Treadwell, jr.'s,

'Storage Battery' (Macmillan) are, in French, so written as to be read with pleasure by a public much wider than the particular profession from which they take their origin. But then, they do not embody a quarter of the crude drudgery among patent reports which will make this a *vade-mecum* for a particular class of inventors. That all these sketches of the principal patents for some 120 forms of batteries are accurately executed, we cannot vouch. Some of the chemical phrases are calculated to suggest doubts; as where we read (p. 37) of a bath composed of "a solution of oxide of lead in potassium," or of a "heavy layer of potassium solution in zinc oxide" (p. 105), or of "soda, potassium, or other suitable alkali" (p. 25), meaning, perhaps, lithia, rubidia, or cesia; or that "per-sulphuric acid is one of those comparatively rare compounds, termed *exothermie*" (p. 135). Some cobwebs would have been cleared away from the chapter on the theory if the author had not been deceived by the binoxide of lead being called a "peroxide." Stannic oxide might as well be so called. The chapter upon "Storage Battery Installations" will be found particularly instructive.

A book which a student who comes to it prepared by clear conceptions of rigid dynamics, and by so much acquaintance with the dynamo as would be given by Hawkins and Wallis's treatise in Whittaker's Specialists' Series, may get a great deal of good from, is Charles Ashley Carus-Wilson's 'Electro-Dynamics: the Direct-Current Motor' (Longmans).

From Ch. Delagrave, Paris, we have the twenty-fourth instalment of Hatzfeld's 'Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française,' bringing this important work down to *regarder*. It is significant that the adjective or noun *Rallié* is ignored, as if a too transient party nickname. Not so with *réclame*, in the sense of, advertisement and puffery; a shade of meaning, we are told, borrowed from the English reclaim, "which is employed in the United States in the special sense 'to call attention to.'" The French Academy admitted this usage of *réclame* in 1878.

In the April Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society (Worcester, Mass.), we read of the gift to the library, by the widow of the late Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of that scholar's MS. Dictionary to Eliot's Indian Bible, in four volumes, quarto; and of the undertaking of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington to put it in print, under the editorship of Dr. Albert S. Gatschet.

The same society has published, in a shape uniform with the Proceedings, an account of the Boston banquet in connection with the reception of the Bradford MS., May 26, 1897. This is illustrated with portraits of Senator Hoar, Gov. Wolcott, the late Senator Bayard, and Bishop Creighton, and concludes with a narrative of the circumstances attending the return of the manuscript, from the pen of Senator Hoar.

The international comity which marked this transfer of the precious history now preserved at the Massachusetts State-house, was a prelude to the recent outbreak of fraternal sentiment engendered by the war with Spain. Fresh expression was given to English good will towards America by the Marquis of Dufferin last month at a public banquet in Bristol, on occasion of the opening of the Cabot memorial tower on Brandon Hill. This commanding monument further bears a tablet placed in it by the local branch of the Peace Society, perpetuating "the ear-

nest hope that peace and friendship may ever continue between the kindred peoples of this country and America."

The *Century Magazine* is to begin a new "war series," based on our late unpleasantness with Spain. Capt. Sigsbee, Lieut. Hobson, Capt. Mahan, Admirals Sampson and Schley, and other eminent lights of the two arms of the service, are to participate in these narratives.

The Bitter Root Forest Reserve is the subject of a suggestive article, by R. U. Goode of the Geological Survey, in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for September. This region of about 6,500 square miles in Montana and Idaho was included in President Cleveland's forest reservation proclamation of February, 1897. From a recent reconnaissance survey of it a topographic description is given, together with an account of the main features of its forest. An accompanying forest map is shaded so as to show the extent of the commercial timber, the new growth, and the burnt areas. It is a cause for national shame that so large a proportion of this "noble heritage"—at least one-third of the standing timber—has been destroyed through carelessness and cupidity. In this connection several interesting illustrations of characteristic forest scenes are given. Other articles are on the forest conditions of Washington, the growth of the United States, and Atlantic estuarine tides, with diagrams.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September contains an account of an interesting journey through the southern part of Lower Burma. It is practically a roadless country, only nine miles of road having been encountered in a march of 326 miles. The principal occupations of the scanty population are gathering edible birds' nests, pearly-diving, and tin washing. "The nests are gathered by means of a long bamboo pole, with an iron fork at one extremity, and a lighted torch at both, the one to show the nest, and the other to show the bare-footed collector where he may securely tread." A novel method of obtaining fire by friction, used by an attendant Karen policeman, was by means of a piece of old and dry bamboo about eighteen inches long, cut in halves longitudinally. One of these was laid firmly upon two forked sticks. Into the other he scraped all the dry powder and fluff with which dry bamboos are lined, and placed on top a dry leaf. "Then, taking this second piece, one extremity in each hand, hollow side up, he rubbed its smooth outer surface very quickly and sharply along the upturned edges of the first, that lay on the forks, taking care to make the friction immediately under the dry leaf. In I should say slightly over half a minute, sufficient heat was generated to produce a glow in the fluff, which quickly communicated itself to the leaf and was then blown into a flame." The senseless waste of money by Oriental rulers was illustrated forcibly in a Siamese frontier town. On a neighboring hill "stands a splendid palace, the building, furnishing, and laying out of which must have cost an immense sum of money. It was built for the King of Siam on the occasion of his paying a visit to the State. He occupied it for four or five days and then left, but, according to Siamese custom, any house occupied by the King can never be occupied by any one else, and so this beautiful building is rapidly falling into decay."

A comprehensive description of the island

of Hainan by a recent traveller, M. Cl. Madrolle, is published in the last Bulletin of the *Société de Géographie*. The interior of the island is still unexplored, but is known to contain rich deposits of lead, copper, gold, tin, and probably iron, and petroleum. None are now worked, with the exception of one tin mine. The tigers and rhinoceroses have disappeared, and the wild boar is the only dangerous animal left. The Chinese, to the number of about two million, inhabit the coast districts, the aborigines the almost inaccessible mountains of the interior. Vocabularies of the six principal languages spoken and a map are given. In an account of his ninth journey in the Sahara, and to the country of the Touaregs, M. Foureau gives some interesting pictures of life in the great desert.

The useful bibliography of the geographical works of the year 1897, published as the September issue of the *Annales de Géographie*, is far more than a mere list of titles. Each entry, with few exceptions, is accompanied by a descriptive note by some specialist—the leading English contributors being Dr. H. R. Mill of London and Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard University. The number of publications and important articles in serials and society transactions noted, 985, is slightly smaller than that of the previous year, the falling off being in works on local geography, while there is a considerable increase in the number of general works. A full author-index adds materially to the usefulness of the bibliography.

The first (October) number of volume two of the beautifully illustrated *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration* (Darmstadt: Alexander Koch) is occupied with examples of the decorative work of Hans E. von Berlepsch of Munich, and with applied art in the Munich Crystal Palace for the current year.

Librarians, and those who have to do with manual-training schools, may be interested in a list of forty-six German publications on the subject of manual training in its general and economic aspect, its history and its relation to the public schools, which is to be found in No. 34, vol. xxvii. (August 25, 1898) of the *Pädagogische Zeitung*. The same article also gives by title the papers on that subject read before six congresses which were held in German cities from 1889 to 1896, and reports of which may be had, at one mark each, of Dr. Götze, Leipzig (Scharnhorst Str., 25). Finally, there are verbatim reports of resolutions concerning manual training in the schools passed by fifteen assemblies, mostly of teachers, at various times and places in the Empire.

The war between the "classics" and the "moderns," which is sure to keep the educational world in most civilized countries in a state of unrest for decades to come, is just now being waged with renewed force in France, with such protagonists as Lavissee, Delbos, Bréal, Lemaitre, Fouillée, Léon Bourgeois (the Minister of Public Instruction). These and others have quite recently again discussed this puzzling question of secondary education in letters to the *Temps* and the *Débats*, and in magazine articles and public addresses; and the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement* for September 15 gives a somewhat full résumé of their utterances on the subject, promising to continue such reports in future numbers of the *Revue*. M. Léon Bourgeois's position between the contending parties is a delicate one, but he shows considerable skill in main-

taining a conciliatory, patriotic tone, repelling invectives on both sides and counselling calm deliberation.

The Harvard alumni are now voting by mail on the proposed extension of the suffrage for Overseers beyond the undergraduate body. The circular is accompanied by two signed "Reasons" for and against, and we do not apprehend that a reëxamination of the question in the light of these documents will result otherwise than in a vote *pro*.

Admirers of the late Senator Bayard have their desire for a memorial of his noble features met in the imperial panel photograph which has just been drawn from his inexhaustible storehouse by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

The list of "Portraits in Finer Art," published by Charles Barmore, No. 36 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York, already considerable in extent, has just been augmented by four etchings (13x17, artist's proofs) of Sir Charles Russell, Chief Justice of England; Charles Andrews, ex-Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals; James C. Carter of the New York bar, and (*ahi fiera compagnia!*) Edward Lauterbach, Platt's familiar. The first two are by Jacques Reich. Sir Charles is in his judicial robes, and his likeness has been excellently caught. Judge Andrews's portrait seems to us quite Mr. Reich's best work. In both instances he has followed photographs. In the case of Mr. Carter, of whom the likeness is unmistakable if none too genial, Mr. J. S. King had Benoni Irwin's painting for his original. Of Mr. Lauterbach the same artist has made as much as nature permitted him. The legal profession can hardly fail to be attracted by the majority at least of this group of effigies, some of which have been signed by the subjects of them as well as by the etchers.

—Dr. Henry Carrington Bolton's 'Catalogue of Scientific and Technical Periodicals,' which originally appeared in 1885, and contained 5,105 titles, is republished in volume 40 of the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections. The first part of this volume is a reprint from the plates of the first edition, with changes necessary to bring the work to date, whenever the plates permitted it, and to correct errors. Part two contains additions to the titles in Part one "that could not be inserted in the plates," together with about 3,500 new titles. The chronological tables which follow the catalogue, giving the year of publication of each volume of 550 periodicals, are ingeniously constructed, and show in a graphic manner the growth of periodical literature. A check-list records the American libraries which contain complete sets of each journal. Valuable as this catalogue undoubtedly is, its usefulness is seriously impaired by the clumsy and inconvenient division into two parts, necessitating, in many cases, the repetition in Part two of titles already given in full in the first part. It is greatly to be deplored that all the titles could not have been arranged in one alphabet. Moreover, the extreme minuteness with which certain journals consisting of several series are catalogued, involving a separate entry for every slight change of title, is, however interesting to the bibliographer, of questionable value to the scientist or student for whose benefit, presumably, this catalogue was primarily intended. In some instances the elaboration of detail is carried to an extreme which is likely to defeat its

own end, and to confuse rather than assist the investigator. For example, the "Bibliothèque Britannique," afterwards "Bibliothèque Universelle," to which, in Scudder's well-known catalogue, fourteen lines are devoted, here occupies two and one-third pages. We must regret, also, that the possession of partial sets could not have been indicated in some way. As it is, libraries owning forty-five volumes of a periodical complete in fifty seem not to appear at all in the check-list.

—The Boston rooms of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society have, for more than half a century, been open to all comers without money and without price. Its aids in pilgrimages along the byways of local and personal history were great from the outset, and have been every year increasing. Yet those who lingered in its cool sequestered vale were few and far between until the craze to be called sons or daughters of the Revolution or of colonial wars possessed us. That date was epoch-making for the Society. Ever since, its chairs have been crowded with students eager to read their titles clear to hereditary glory, some of whom have been willing to furnish the Society a fraction of the funds needed for better answering their inquiries. The extent and value of its accumulations, whether in print or in manuscript, for its special purpose have at length been recognized. Its *Register*, forming a portly octavo every year since 1846—though not without an annual index—was felt to need something more. Its treasures were so multitudinous and multifarious that no man could bring them to light. Hence, thanks to a special subscription, several thousand dollars have been expended in securing skilled labor on a consolidated and model index which is still in making. A thousand dollars have just been given for a greatly needed increase in the Society's town and family chronicles, by Mr. W. C. Todd, who last year established a new department (that of newspapers) in the Boston Public Library by the gift of \$50,000. Such benefactions will multiply in proportion as moneyed men better understand the workings and bearings of the Society. By an expenditure it could ill afford it has obtained for years the invaluable services in England of Mr. Henry F. Waters, easily the foremost man of our time in genealogical research, the successful tracker of the Washington, John Harvard, and Roger Williams pedigrees. His English *Gleanings*—modestly so called—have yielded a harvest to American genealogists in every issue of the *Register* through recent years. They have not only shed light on numberless clues of connection between the new home and the old, but have helped to knit together again the Anglo-Saxon robe that was rent asunder at the Revolution.

—For the last few years the English critics of the South Kensington Museum have been eloquent in their attacks upon its management. But even the most violent must admit that good as well as evil can sometimes come out of South Kensington, and certainly there is nothing but praise for the proposal to hold in the Museum this autumn an historical exhibition of lithographs. It is true we have already had the centenary exhibitions in Paris, New York, and Düsseldorf, but they anticipated the hundredth anniversary of Senefelder's discovery. In 1795, 1796, and 1797, he was experimenting on stone and using it to print from, but it was not until 1798 that he actually invented the

chemical printing, or surface printing, which is lithography; and, for evidence of this fact, it is necessary only to consult his own story and the curious title-page to the German edition of his book, where the dates leave no possibility for doubt. Then, again, in none of the exhibitions already held (the Grolier Club, in its collection, of course made no pretensions to completeness) was anything like justice done to English lithography, which has an interesting history fairly well told in a long series of prints, naturally more easily obtained in England than anywhere else. The most amusing early record is in the Print Room of the British Museum, where two large volumes contain a 'Polyautographic Collection'—lithography having for a while gone by the ingenious name of Polyautography—in every way as important as the early French and German work in the Cabinet des Estampes at the Bibliothèque Nationale. For instance, among them is a rare and practically unknown print by Blake, and also one of the Duke de Montpensier's landscapes done in England—to mention but two of the very rarest. Unfortunately the British Museum cannot be compelled to lend its collections even to another National Museum, and the chances are there will be some gaps in the British section, even at the South Kensington show. However, South Kensington does possess André's 'Specimens of Polyautography' of 1803, and a very large and representative collection of later work, and there are several private collectors who have put their portfolios at the disposition of the management. There is no question that never before has there been exhibited such a complete series of English lithographs from the prints of West and Stothard and the others who made polyautographs for André, down to the *auto-lithographs* published but yesterday in the *Studio*. Nor will the foreign sections be neglected. Every country where lithographs have been made will be represented as completely as possible, and it is very likely that French and German work, save for the very earliest, can be studied in London as well as in Paris and Düsseldorf. The exhibition opens on November 1 and will continue for several months, and it is said that the authorities at the British Museum will take the opportunity to frame and hang in their own galleries a few of the many fine lithographs now hidden away in musty and forgotten portfolios.

—Next to Murray's Guide, no other book is so indispensable to tourists in Japan as Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain's 'Things Japanese,' a pocket encyclopædia, which tells them all that they need to know about amusements, the army, arts, botany, Buddhism, climate, dress, festivals, flowers, lacquer, literature, women, and a hundred other topics travellers are supposed to be interested in. The third edition of this useful and admirably written book has just appeared (Scribners), somewhat altered in form, so as to make it more convenient for the pocket. There are about a dozen new articles, and the old ones are rewritten and brought up to date whenever necessary. Such a book cannot but double the pleasure and instruction that may be derived from a trip to Japan, and for the student its value is much enhanced by the bibliographic notes appended to most of the topics. Under the head of "Books on Japan" the author gives a formidable list of miscellaneous publications, with a preferred list of twelve volumes, among which are the books of four Ameri-

cans—Griffis's 'The Mikado's Empire,' Percival Lowell's 'The Soul of the Far East,' Miss A. M. Bacon's 'Japanese Girls and Women,' and Lafcadio Hearn's 'Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan,' with its sequels. Pierre Loti is not one of the twelve elect; for his books "the resident community has less respect than the public at home; his inaccuracy and superficiality go against the grain." Appended to the article on Literature is the interesting news that "Mr. Aston is engaged on a history of Japanese literature, which will, no doubt, include all that is best on the subject." Probably, next to Prof. Chamberlain himself, no foreigner (or native, for that matter) knows so much about Japanese literature as Mr. Aston does. But his task cannot be altogether a pleasant one, in view of what our author, who is emeritus professor of Japanese and philology at the University of Tokyo, says: "Much of that which the Japanese themselves prize most highly in their literature seems intolerably flat and insipid to the European taste. . . . What Japanese literature most lacks is genius. It lacks thought, logical grasp, depth, breadth, and many-sidedness. It is too timorous, too narrow, to compass great things. Perhaps the court atmosphere and predominantly feminine influence in which it was nursed for the first few centuries of its existence stifled it, or else the fault may have lain with the Chinese formalism in which it grew up. But we suspect that there was some original sin of weakness as well."

—The republication, with considerable additions, of 'L'Illusion' (Paris: Lemerre) calls attention once more to the literary work of Dr. Henri Cazalis, better known to the French reading public under the pseudonym of "Jean Lahor," and distinguished among the learned chiefly as the author of a History of Hindu Literature. His independent views of life and things in general, presented in a volume of prose, with the significant title of 'La Gloire du Néant,' are given the further benefit of metrical setting in 'Les Quatrains d'Al-Ghazali' and 'L'Illusion' above mentioned. Together these last three volumes contain a consistent body of doctrine, metaphysical and ethical, and preserve a fairly general uniformity of tone. The spirit in which they are written expresses the writer's despair at the pitilessness of fate and the injustice of human arrangements, the results of both of which refuse to chime with his ideal longings. As modern thought fails, in its pessimism, to offer any adequate consolation, Jean Lahor is led, through his studies, to seek the solution of the world-problem in the various forms of Oriental philosophy, and seems to find therein the message of hope for the future of the race by reconciling the highest teachings of Buddhism with the necessity for suppressing, or at all events modifying, the contemporary tendencies towards excessive individualism. Incidentally social questions are treated with a free hand, as rapid deductions from the principles expounded. Education, marriage, and sexual selection, the regulation of prostitution, the moral influence of art, the function of scientific and other general ideas, and so forth, are discussed, and usually settled in a few sentences, while the author's summary of his own position is given in a curiously formal *credo*.

—Jean Lahor's selection of spasmodic, though sometimes eloquent, paragraphs for the expression of his philosophy is open to the obvious charge to which all unsystemat-

ic development is liable. Why should the reader be given the trouble of finding the *filum labyrinthi* for himself? 'La Gloire du Néant,' which contains matter enough for an elaborate treatise, consists entirely of somewhat abrupt divisions, with far too frequent introduction of thoughts as apparently sporadic as any in Nietzsche's 'Zarathustra.' In the poems, on the other hand, irregularity of procedure is apt to be felt as a relief from the over-weight of ideas which many of these compositions contain; and, without begging any question as to the suitability of verse as a vehicle for philosophy, we may feel grateful for such charming expressions of momentary feelings as are found in "Aubade," "L'Ivresse des Amants," "Inconstance," "Loving-Cup," etc., some of which follow closely in the best vein of Sully-Prudhomme. Orientalism, in Jean Lahor (as in Leconte de Lisle), is doubtless a more learned literary exercise than it was in the great days of 'Les Orientales'; still, sincerity of purpose and erudition, excellent equipments though they be, compete unequally with inspiration. Finally, the general technical finish of Jean Lahor's verse does not blind us to such occasional lapses as "En un large incendie il répand ses baisers" ('L'Illusion,' p. 222).

ANGLO-SAXON SUPERIORITY.

Anglo-Saxon Superiority; to What it is Due. (À quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons.) By Edmond Demolins. Translated from the tenth French edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 427.

Few books have so quickly got the public ear as did this of M. Demolins. Appearing in April of last year, it ran through five editions in two months, and as many more have since been called for. One would suppose the audacity of the title would have provoked a storm of angry denunciation from the mercurial writers for the French press; but it did nothing of the kind. With singular unanimity they recognized the book as the faithful chastisement of a friend, and did full justice to the grave and severe patriotism of the author. Indeed, this reception of a work truly merciless in its plain speaking is one of the most hopeful signs of progress, in true comprehension of herself and of the conditions of national health and solid recuperation, which France has given. The people cannot be wholly unsound at heart which can listen to such a lesson with quiet and attentive teachableness. Jules Lemaitre spoke for them all when he called it "an infinitely painful book," but added, "We must swallow the bitter cup to the dregs."

M. Demolins treats his subject like a physician making a calm and scientific diagnosis of his patient's case, and prescribes his remedies and the regimen to be followed with so masterful a tone that the sick man is disposed to put himself unreservedly into the hands of his doctor. As a professional economist, the author makes very evident his scientific zeal in investigation, and his earnestness in wishing to understand his country's problem and find a cure for her ills. His theme is the maintenance of national eminence in the world, especially in the enlargement of national influence, the preservation of the vigor of the stock, the growth of its colonial offshoots, the filling of the world with its swarming numbers, and the growing dominance of its ideas, its

traits, and its language. He has to account for the confessed fact that France and the Latin races have dropped behind in this race, while England and America have increased the pace and are foremost in the struggle.

M. Demolins's method is to analyze the life and habits of the contrasted races at school, in private life, and in public activity. This is the largest triple division of his work. Under the first he inquires which system best forms Men. Under the second, he compares the birth-rate, the family thrift, and the preparation of children for the struggle for existence. Lastly, he deals with the political trend of the races, and their relative dependence on the State or upon individual initiative for securing private happiness and the common weal.

The comparison between English and French schools will not be satisfactory to Englishmen and Americans. When the author speaks of the faults of French methods of education, we listen to an expert whose statements are authoritative; but when he contrasts these with the assumed excellences of English schools, we have to disclaim, in great measure, the superiority which he concedes to the latter. The example which he chooses as an illustration is not of a prevalent type, but a quite recent, and in some respects a new, experiment. Neither England nor America is free from "cramming," from superficial glibness of recitation, from the hot race for marks and honors, or from the tricks which give success in examinations to shallow work. We find comfort in believing that we are making progress, but it would not be honest to accept the praise which M. Demolins bestows. Then it is hardly a generation since parliamentary commissions started the reform of the English universities, and began their emancipation from the narrow and stereotyped classicism which had lasted for centuries. It will not do to find the secret of English power and American progress in the local methods of school education for youth, because the world-encircling system of English colonies and the American transformation of a continent long preceded the current ideas of broad and practical education, and were astonishing the world when, as yet, there was little that was characteristic in our schools, and we were, in fact, looking to France and Germany for our models.

In dealing with family life and the home education and habits of the French, our author comes closer to the causes of national characteristics, though it may still be a question whether the education produces the characteristics, or is itself the natural expression of hereditary traits long since evolved in the history of the nation. M. Demolins is, however, conclusive authority for the fact that French youth are lacking in independence, in self-reliance, in enterprise. They are habituated to look to their parents for a settlement in life; for the selection of a career; for the choice of a husband or wife; for the portion or dower which shall insure a livelihood. They look implicitly to their parents thus to place them, and accept the place as the decree of Providence. For one of the French bourgeoisie to break out of these trammels would seem to require almost as great a wrench as for the heir of an English landed estate to tear up the family settlement, break the entail, and work for his own living till the death of his

father shall make him owner in fee. A habit of thought and action may become so nearly universal among a people that the violation of the artificial code may seem worse than breaking all the commandments of the decalogue. We might think that the result of this in France would be that the poor, who have nothing, would profit by their poverty to gain the vigor and initiative which their betters have lost; but it would seem that the poor ape the rich, and that the father of a brood of *sans-culottes* has the same dominion as the head of a great family.

There are occasional examples which show what might come of the rude training of necessity. Audubon naïvely tells how his father, one of twenty sons of the poor fisherman his grandfather, was put to the door of the hut at twelve years of age, clad in a tow shirt and trousers, and bade in heaven's name to find a way to get his own bread. In that case the heroic treatment succeeded, and the outcast made his way through fishing-boats and smacks to the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, and reached both rank and wealth. If there had been more Frenchmen of that breed, Demolins would not have to lament the lack of self-reliance or the dwindling of the birth-rate. But the exception seems to prove the rule, and we have to accept the author's conclusion that dependence on parents has produced timidity in the struggle for life, has been followed by penny-wise thrift which is content with petty employments and small official places that are permanent, has led to a fear of family burdens and to the birth of few children or none, until the native population of France is sensibly diminishing, and an immigration of Swiss and Italians is filling the vacuum and changing the elements of the nation.

Turning to the phenomena of public life, the working of the same causes is seen. A paternal government has long treated the people as children, ruling their local life in even the smallest matters, discouraging all initiative, whether in the repair of a bridge or the tiling of a schoolhouse roof, and referring nearly everything to the decision of the central authority. There has thus grown up what M. Demolins calls the communistic form of society, marked by personal dependency and weakness of character, as distinguished from the particularistic form, in which there is self-reliance and private initiative. The author answers the question of his title-page by saying that France is a nation having the first of these forms of society, with all the weakness and danger of decadence that come from it, while the English-speaking peoples are striking examples of the second, with all the enterprise, energy, and growth which belong to it.

Socialism he finds to be the logical outcome of dependence upon central authority, the abdication of personal initiative becoming more and more complete till the State absorbs all direction and responsibility for the conduct of life, and, of course, absorbs also the capital and property from which the livelihood is to be produced. He sagaciously shows how natural it is that socialism should be antipathetic to self-reliance, and that the slight hold it has taken in Anglo-Saxon communities is strictly harmonious with the prediction to be drawn from the scientific analysis of the forms of society and their tendencies.

He argues, too, that socialism must be self-destructive; for as the great examples

in the world's history show that individual self-reliance and personal initiative give success in the inexorable struggle for existence, the lack of them brings decadence of the whole community, destruction of the capital which was to support the industries of the people, and the sure and hopeless impoverishment of the individual along with the State. With general poverty must come decay of art, of science, of intelligence.

The remedy is the resolute change of habits of thought and activity. God helps those who help themselves. The next generation must be taught to stand on their own legs, not to expect to be carried by their parents or their community, large or small. They must be ready to strive and sweat in the race under the open sun, and not to saunter through Arcadia leaning on each other and wreathed with flowers. The laurels must come after the struggle. They must fully accept the creed that the nation is only the organization of the individuals, and that it can be strong, energetic, self-reliant, and prosperous only as the individual shows the same characters and does his part towards impressing them on the whole.

The lesson M. Demolins reads his countrymen is not for Frenchmen alone. Every candid Englishman and American needs to take it to heart and note how he can profit by it, putting on the cap that will fit many of us quite as well as our neighbors.

BALDWIN'S STORY OF THE MIND.

The Story of the Mind. By James Mark Baldwin. [The Library of Useful Stories.] D. Appleton & Co. 1898. 16mo, pp. 236.

Here is a little book, easy to hold, pleasant to read, warranted to get read, without skippings, to its last word. Yet, after all, it contains some seventy thousand words—enough to outline any science, or, for that matter, all human knowledge, usefully. If the publishers will only remember that, while a narrow subject needs to be treated in some detail and at large, under pain of superficiality, a broad survey of a broad subject may have a high value, provided it be executed by a broad and deep student, they will do something for our enlightenment by this happily conceived series.

Probably among all our eminent psychologists nobody was better circumstanced than the author, by the interest and practical importance of the branch in which he has specially distinguished himself of late years, to make this outline of psychology. The two chapters about children are most charming. The characterization of the "motor child" is remarkable. Most of the chapters are skillfully and artistically constructed. The effort to maintain the extreme simplicity which is the idea of the series, and apparently to address an audience not at all in the habit of thinking, has had a questionable effect upon the chapter which, after all, was the most important, that upon general psychology. There is a certain limit beyond which it is impossible to simplify this difficult subject; the effort to do so can only result in loss of real perspicuity, especially to that public of psychologists by nature who are most likely to read the book, and who have been thinking about the mind, off and on, all their lives. We read that, "the electrician, say, cannot observe . . . the electric sparks without really using his introspection upon what is

before him." If the meaning is that attentive observation of an outward object, without thought of self, involves all the introspection there is, would not the same idea have been more clearly expressed by denying that there is any such thing as introspection? But, in any case, the reader will sorely feel the lack of any account of what self-observation really consists in. We read: the "association of ideas, thinking, reasoning, etc., . . . used to be considered as separate 'faculties' of the soul, and as showing the mind doing different things. But that view is now completely given up. . . . Mind does only one thing. . . . That one thing is combining." Perhaps this very strong language might be necessary in a book addressed to German readers, but the misapprehensions of many an English reader are quite on the side of the *tabula rasa*; and the whole English tradition is that by faculties are meant mere logical classes. The classical British psychologists, whom it would be base for us to decry, as Germans do, far from considering the association of ideas as a special faculty (although they certainly did not deny that the mind "does different things," just as gravitation may produce orbital or hyperbolic motion or impact), did maintain that the one law of association, which Prof. Baldwin would call the law of "combining ideas," exclusively governs all the actions of the mind. Were this not otherwise plainly their doctrine, a moment's consideration of the theory of vibrations would render it so, in Hartley's case. When a school of students makes a scientific discovery, though it were not, like this, of the first order, and when, having demonstrated its truth as well as their historical position permits, they invent a special term to serve as the scientific name of what they have discovered, is it good morals for subsequent writers of the same language to assent to a narrowing of the meaning of that term, the purpose of which, in the first instance, was to deprive that school of the honor justly due them and transfer it to foreign plagiarists?

But, without insisting upon this point, it seems to us that many an American and English reader will do one of two things: either he will understand that Prof. Baldwin plants himself flat-footed upon the proposition that to feel a sensation of green, to make an effort, to acquire or break away from a habit, to experience fatigue, not only one and all consist in combining ideas, but are not "doing different things," or else he will be utterly puzzled at the outset as to what is meant, and will read no further. True, he can procure Prof. Baldwin's 'Handbook' in two volumes octavo, and thus ascertain just what he does think. But we cannot withhold the opinion that a further elucidation of general psychology would improve this little book, even if it had to be relegated to an appendix. In a certain recent work by a medical man we came across an emphatic reiteration of Claude Bernard's dictum that "disease is not an entity." That sounded like the proposition that the mind has no faculties, both being cases of routine clinging to a phrase of nominalistic metaphysics after its original meaning has completely evaporated. That the mind has no faculties was at first the shibboleth of Herbartian metaphysics, which has completely gone by. Though it is gross exaggeration—as if the human race were devoid of special instincts, and as if there

were no inborn differences of bent—still, it served in Germany to shake people out of a certain confusion of thought.

The only other chapter in which we discover any defect of lucidity is the last, concerning genius. If the word "genius" bears any unambiguous meaning, it surely signifies a very extraordinary native departure from the ordinary proportions of the faculties in a man, such as goes far toward fitting him for very extraordinary achievements. In this sense, there is no other department of science in which there is half the opportunity for genius that there is in mathematics. Hence, it is not a bad plan, when a generalization about scientific genius is made, to test it by comparison with the great mathematicians. Now, if we understand Prof. Baldwin, which seems hardly possible, in proposing as the criterion for distinguishing between the genius and the crank, that the true genius "and society must agree in regard to the fitness" of his ideas, and "for the most part his judgment is at once also the social judgment," he means that if the society of the day regard a man's ideas as unsound, he is no genius. But the history of mathematics simply swarms with instances in which work utterly neglected and despised in its day was found by a later generation to be fundamentally important, so that mathematicians proceeded to build upon it. The world had to grow up to it.

There was one Girard Desargues, who in 1639 printed a volume entitled 'Brouillon Project d'une atteinte aux événements des rencontres d'un cône avec un plan.' Although Descartes praised Desargues in a private letter, as did the young Pascal in a work never yet printed, and Fermat somewhere (very likely on the margin of a book he was reading), yet he was so generally regarded as a crank by his contemporaries that early in this century he would hardly have been remembered at all, except for some sparse contemporary allusions to his "faiblesse pitoyable," etc. In fact, Montucla's great history of mathematics, enlarged by Lalande and extended by Delambre—five bulky quartos, which certainly did not intend to overlook any French name of the least account—does not recognize the existence of Desargues. As far as we are aware, no printed copy of the original book has ever yet turned up. But it happened one day in 1845 that M. Michel Chasles, the great geometer, started so early for the Monday meeting of the Institute that he lingered on the quay and began turning over the books exposed for sale on the parapet. He came across an old MS. copy of the book mentioned, which he purchased for a trifle. He took it home, and, having done so, he violated all book-buyers' manners by sitting down and reading it. He found it to be what, had it been written the day before, would have to be considered a very able treatise on that projective geometry which was rightly reckoned as the great glory of the nineteenth century in pure mathematics (though of course with important lacunæ), and he further found that Desargues had made an immense stride in advance of modern geometers in recognizing the fundamental importance of a relation which he called involution, and which, under the same name, is still regarded as a cornerstone of geometry! There are certain *minutiae* of the history in to which we cannot enter. The above account is as correct as its brevity permits.

Space does not permit us to set forth other like cases, not even a poor half-dozen selected

from those of our own century—say the cases of Gaulois, Listing, Lobatchewski, Plücker, Green, and Hesse. Of these great names we find but two in the body of Phillips's Index; and one of these has no reference, so that it was doubtless inserted by the searching editor of the second edition. The man in vogue cannot escape the influence of the psychological law which causes him to desire to deny such facts; but they have their own sullen way of mutely but stubbornly continuing to exist. Happening to open the works of Beaumarchais at that piece in which his genius first found its strength, one would be surprised to read as its title, 'Le Barbier de Séville, comédie en quatre actes et en prose, représentée et tombée sur le théâtre de la Comédie-Française, le 23 février, 1775.' A public may need a little education even to appreciate a farce. On the other hand, nothing is more amusing than to compare those whom the society of their day looked upon as immense with some contemporaries who passed unknown, beginning with Alexander of Ales and Albertus Magnus against Petrus Peregrinus and Roger Bacon. Prof. Baldwin speaks of the "supreme sanity" of Newton—a decidedly unfortunate instance from various points of view. But here we only note that since Newton considered his commentary on Daniel to be his greatest work, it follows that, according to the criterion seemingly proposed, he would have to be reckoned as no genius.

American Ideals, and Other Essays, Social and Political. By Theodore Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book has been on our table for a long time; but the prominent position to which the author has risen in the last few months will naturally attract attention to all his past work, and men will read eagerly to find out what are the ideals of one of the most conspicuous Americans of today. And what Col. Roosevelt has done in these few months will answer their search. With him the American ideal is fighting. When he tries to lay down what Americans aim at, or ought to aim at, he does not draw any sharp line of demarcation between our ideals and those of any cultivated, intelligent nation conscious of high aims and high opportunities. It would be hard to differentiate his good American from a good Englishman or German or Hollander or Scandinavian; not any too easy to do so from a good Frenchman or Italian or Greek or Roman. But one thing he is very certain of: as soon as we know our ideal, we have got to fight for it. And by fighting he does not mean merely moral fighting—he means blows, wounds, and death, swords and rifles and cannon; nay, earlier weapons still. He lays down emphatically in his preface that a football player is the true type of an American patriot; he speaks more than once of the rougher and more virile virtues. He has proved his belief in this view by giving up a post in the public service where he was working, to the satisfaction of everybody concerned, in practically upholding his country's cause as he understood it, in order to be where wounds and death were going on, and leaving the navy, which has been of ten-fold the importance of the army, to get such direction as it might. It was his business—trained civilian as he was—to fight.

It is of very little use to combat such a view as this. If a man is Richard Cœur de

Lion born seven centuries too late, one cannot argue with him; one can only say, and leave him to find out what you mean, that gentleness, tenderness, conciliation, and peacemaking are more truly virile virtues than the rougher ones, because they are more human. Whatever is brutal is not a virtue for man, in either sense of that word. Moreover, the American ideal, in contrast to those of the Old World, has hitherto been pacific.

When we get Mr. Roosevelt off his battle-steed, some of his accounts of his civil career (especially where he describes how successfully, judiciously, and honestly he employed tact and courtesy to gain his point, instead of pugnacity) are very interesting. Many will be attracted to his history of civil-service reform; and some who recall the Fifty-third Congress, on which he has much to say, will wonder that he contrives, more ingeniously than ingenuously, to suppress all mention of Mr. Everett of Massachusetts among the champions of that cause. No one knows better than Mr. Roosevelt that that member blocked in the House committee a quantity of insidious or violent attacks on the reform, when advance was impossible; that he made one of the most effective speeches in its favor; and that while he refused to vote against Mr. Bynum's iniquitous bill for reinstating the railway-mail clerks, he equally, being in the House, refused to vote for it, and would not defend either the past Republican or the proposed Democratic injustice.

Col. Roosevelt is a candidate for one of the most distinguished offices in the United States. He has been selected as such largely from his distinction as the head of the Rough Riders, which has for the time being eclipsed that which he gained in the cause of good government.

"Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?"

The New England Poets: A Study of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes. By William Cranston Lawton. Macmillan. 1898.

Manuals of American Literature are being multiplied, just now, and come largely from teachers in the smaller colleges or in academies of minor fame. It is a pleasure to meet with one proceeding from an author well known as a careful student of the Greek and Latin classics, who is able to view modern literature in its proportionate size. Prof. Lawton perhaps puts the classic background in an aspect almost too formidable when, in his very preface, he mildly reproaches Lowell for not being Pindar, and complains of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha' for affording on the whole less nutriment than Homer's 'Iliad.' Yet it is rather a satisfaction, when the whole domain of the classics is being so constantly undermined, even in our oldest universities, to see the vigor of the ancient tradition still sustained somewhere, and to find at least one professor ready to die in its defence. There is about Prof. Lawton nothing pedantic and nothing polemic; and though the book in hand is prepared mainly for the University Extension demand; and has something of the familiar, not to say colloquial, tone of the lecture-room; though it deals too much in exclamation-points and parentheses and italics to satisfy the severer literary taste, yet it is probably, in es-

entials, the best manual yet produced for the preliminary study of six of our leading authors. It is likely that, as usually happens in such cases, the distribution of space will satisfy nobody. Prof. Lawton gives Hawthorne fifty-seven pages, Longfellow fifty, Whittier forty, Lowell thirty-seven, Emerson twenty-seven, and Holmes twenty-three; and it is not quite clear why he gives the least space to the two whom, on the whole, he praises the most. Yet, after all, it is quality, not quantity, which affords the test, and he is both cordial and discriminating in dealing with them all.

Prof. Lawton is almost always suggestive, rather than dogmatic, and of course touches many points on which opinions may vary. His assertion (p. 15) that belles-lettres could have found no toleration in early New England is hardly reconcilable with the fact that the library bequeathed by John Harvard to the college which was to bear his name, included such authors as Homer, Hesiod, Herodotus, Æschylus, and Juvenal. Brook Farm was not, as we read (on p. 28), "communistic" or even (p. 60) "semi-communistic," and it is remembered that its advocates battled with some vehemence in the social-reform conventions of that day against the whole theory of communism, as stoutly defended by John A. Collins. Probably few of the older readers of Emerson would agree with Prof. Lawton as to the superiority of 'The Conduct of Life' to the original essay on 'Nature,' or would urge it as desirable (p. 33) to introduce young students to him through his later works. Nor would such readers be likely to endorse his rather slighting opinion of the "Dirge" (p. 39). There is a misprint in the citation of Emerson's most musical lines (p. 35); the last of these being actually

"And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake,"

where half the charm vanishes on putting "rhyme" in the singular. There must be many persons, surely, who will recollect the first reading of some poem of Lowell's as an era in their lives, although Prof. Lawton doubts it (p. 103); as, for instance, the poem called "Longing," the "Verses suggested by the Present Crisis," and the "Commemoration Ode." Prof. Lawton himself cannot bring his book to a climax without quoting in the last paragraph, "New occasions teach new duties."

In speaking (p. 105) of the "general approval" of the placing of Longfellow's bust in Westminster Abbey, the English approval is intended; but certainly there were many in this country who would have preferred to see the bust in a Westminster Abbey or Valhalla of our own. In speaking of Longfellow's father (p. 100), it might have been well to mention that he was a member of the celebrated Hartford Convention. It is an error to say of the events of 'Hyperion' that they were "altogether fictitious" (p. 128). It is hardly accurate to speak of Longfellow's having "yielded to his publisher's desire and omitted the Poems on Slavery from the collected edition of his works" (p. 131), without mentioning the fact that there were two collected editions, published within three months of each other (November, 1845—February, 1846), from the first of which (Carey & Hart) these poems were omitted, while in the second (Harpers) they were retained; this last being the popular edition and having a far wider circulation. Nor is

it correct (p. 131) to infer that "he had not the slightest share" of Whittier's taste for politics because he rejected with terror the suggestion that he should run for Congress, inasmuch as Whittier himself also declined such nominations. The truth is, that without having the positive taste for political action which Whittier showed, Longfellow was peculiarly conscientious about his duties in the matter, always voted, sometimes attended caucuses, and was to be relied upon for pecuniary contributions. "The herons of Elmwood," of whom Longfellow sang, did not "build in the Elmwood thickets, and nowhere else for miles round" (p. 204); still less do they "still" build there. If there ever were nests there, it could only have been a sporadic and exceptional matter, for the main heronry was in the extensive Fresh Pond marshes, a mile or two away, and disappeared with them when the Fitchburg Railway was cut through.

To say of Holmes's original and profound study of 'Elsie Venner,' "It is as fascinating as anything of Rider Haggard's" (p. 248), seems to come pretty near bathos. But these criticisms as to detail are matters of minor importance; the essential thing being that this is a book worth criticising, because it is the best book of its kind, and will doubtless mould the early impressions of many young readers. We must not omit to mention the admirable pages of "Parallel Lives" at the beginning, which will be worth more than any criticism to the sort of reader whom Charles Sumner used to designate, in his sonorous way, as "The Ingenious Student."

Henry of Guise, and Other Portraits. By H. C. Macdowall. The Macmillan Co. 1898.

Mr. Macdowall draws historical portraits of Agrippa d'Aubigné and Catherine de Navarre, besides that of the Guise from whose name the volume takes its title. Thus all three of his topics fall within the period of the religious wars in France, a time of terror and carnage, but also, for later ages, of great fascination. Few epochs or movements have such piquant sources. For biographers, Brantôme, L'Estoile, and Sully; for contemporary historians, Davila, De Thou, and D'Aubigné, are a band rarely found in a single generation, and they are only first among the many writers of credit and liveliness who have celebrated St. Bartholomew, the Wars of the League, and Henry IV. Party hatred was never more intense than then, and so the modern critic, amid much conflicting information, finds his ingenuity taxed to get at the truth and tell a plain story. It is like resolving all the colors of the spectrum into a plain drab. Take, for instance, Catherine de Médicis. It was a long while before she ceased to be considered a ruthless and sombre politician with far-reaching schemes, and came to be seen as she was, an ever-cheerful opportunist, who, to be sure, had no scruples, but never gave a *coup de grâce* when bribery or compromise was possible. Mr. Macdowall has enough to do in clearing up series upon series of picturesque but contradictory statements. Instead of pointing morals or discovering heroes, he takes for his aim the right line of accuracy. His motto is a saying of Philip de Comines: "Je l'ay faict le plus près de la vérité que j'ay peu."

Of Mr. Macdowall's three essays the first is both the longest and the most important. The Guise family holds a unique place in

French history. In the fifteenth century the great nobles were not minions of the crown. Although their power had been reduced, they were not yet focussed at Paris. In the seventeenth century they lost all territorial independence and became courtiers. The clan of Guise occupies an intermediate and singular position. They owed their rise, at the outset, to royal favor, and in the reign of Francis I. may be classed as courtiers. Then, through ability, the possession of manifold offices, international alliances, and civil confusion, they more than once became, under the last four Valois, Mayors of the Palace in everything save title. Duke Claude, Duke Francis, the Cardinal of Lorraine, Duke Henry, and the Duke of Mayenne were the illustrious and powerful members of the connection, and of these four none equalled Duke Henry in point of success and influence. It may be doubted whether in war he ever rose to the level of his father's achievement at Metz, but circumstances favored him, and whereas in 1560 the Guises were universally detested, in 1588 their head was the idol of Paris, and the soul of the strongest faction in the realm.

Henry of Guise was a great-grandson of Lucrezia Borgia, and Mr. Macdowall finds an outcrop of this ancestry in his yellow curls and his southern grace. He had a beauty and bearing denied to the Valois princes, who seemed plebeian beside him. The consuming desire of his youth was to take revenge on Coligny for his employment of Poltrot de Méré, the assassin of Duke Francis. Coligny swore, "as in the presence of God and on his honor," that he had no share in the murder, but he pretended no regret for it, and the score between Châtillons and Guises remained unsettled until St. Bartholomew. Apart from Coligny, Duke Henry sought to be friends with every one.

"The twin passions that had consumed his boyhood—the hunger for power, the fiercer hunger for revenge—had left no trace of bitterness or melancholy upon him. He spoke ill of no one and he never refused a favor; it was impossible to resist his good temper, the subtle brightness of his smile, his caressing tones. He asked nothing better than (with one exception) to be friends with all the world, and all the world (with one exception) was ready to be friends with him. The first was Coligny, the second was Henry of Anjou."

Francis of Guise had a favorite saying, "To each his turn." It was a maxim which implied unlimited tragedy, and in his son's case it proved a two-edged sword. He had his vengeance on his enemy, and Anjou's weak jealousy, cherished from boyhood, at last wreaked its will on him.

Henry of Guise matured early, and by 1572 his character was well formed. With the massacre of St. Bartholomew he appeared on the wide stage of French politics, and, later on, his European consequence was extended by his Spanish connection. The three main features of his public life are his control of Paris, his relations with Philip II., and his part in the Wars of the League. The religious feud had waxed fiercer and fiercer during the ten years which followed its outbreak in 1562. Speaking of the three civil wars of this period, D'Aubigné says: "In the first we fought like angels, in the second like men, in the third like devils." If they fought like devils before St. Bartholomew, what must the conflict have been after it, in the turgid days when Europe was devastated by the full-blown hatreds of the Catholic reactions? The most that can

be said for a military or political leader in Guise's place is that he was not unnecessarily cruel. It may be claimed for him that, though a less admirable chief than Coligny, he once or twice went out of his way to save life. With regard to his stipend from Spain, Mr. Macdowall shows that he began by "planning not the ruin of France, but the conquest of England; and this is the explanation of the otherwise unaccountable fact that for nearly seven years the League remained dormant." Philip's motive, on the other hand, was undoubtedly to divide France, and Guise became so enmeshed in debt and other obligations that he ended by becoming a disloyal pensioner. Paris he took care to "nurse" as a modern politician nurses his constituency; and by cultivating "merchants, lawyers, curés—guests who had never before seen the inside of a nobleman's house," he made himself a popular hero and King of the Barricades.

Mr. Macdowall's study of Guise will repay careful examination, and his two shorter essays are both excellent. All three represent thorough research at first hand, while it is no small matter that his narrative should attract the attention by its graceful and finished style.

The Bible of St. Mark: St. Mark's Church, the Altar and Throne of Venice. By Alexander Robertson, D.D., author of 'Fra Paolo Sarpi,' 'Through the Dolomites,' etc. With 82 illustrations. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

The religious teaching of different branches of the Christian Church is of never-failing interest to modern Christians and to modern students of belief and of doctrine; and this is peculiarly so when there is question of the beliefs and of the teaching of the great historical epochs of Europe. Questions of church government, too, are so inextricably intertwined with all European history for seventeen centuries that every demonstration, or attempted demonstration, of something peculiar and perhaps abnormal in this respect supplies material for quite endless discussion. The book under consideration deals primarily with just such questions as these. That the religious teaching of Venice was, in the ninth and eleventh centuries, more exclusively founded on the text of the Bible than was usual at that time in Europe; that this tendency existed throughout the Middle Ages; that the mosaics of St. Mark's Church are a sufficient and unmistakable evidence of this; that the church government of Venice was preserved from the domination of papal Rome by being kept steadily under the control of the state, and that this fact is proved, if not as directly, yet as certainly, by the whole body of the mosaics and by their teaching if considered together—these are the statements which may be found insisted on throughout Dr. Robertson's book. The testimony of the mosaics is also invoked to prove the absence of Mariolatry among the mediæval teachers of religion in Venice; to show the determined putting forward, in pictorial representation, of the Second Person of the Trinity as the actor, whenever the Almighty is named in the Biblical record, as set forth on the walls of the church, and the consequent absence of any attempted representation of God the Father; and to demonstrate that the religion of mediæval Venice was wholly Biblical—founded upon "an open Bi-

ble and absolute freedom from priestly domination"—as the preface has it.

A large number of half-tone prints—perhaps eighty—are given, many of them reproducing mosaics which have never been photographed before, not even for the great monograph published by Signor Ongania. These are accompanied by a running comment and a descriptive analysis of the many reproduced, and a much larger number not reproduced, of the mosaics. Some few of the pictures and a part of the text deal also with sculptured reliefs in the archivolt or incrustated in the walls, for even these last, generally looked upon as relics of antiquity or trophies of conquest, as purely decorative additions put up in the church as the only place of safe keeping—the one art-museum—of the poor little city of a thousand years ago, are here claimed as part of the religious and ecclesiastical annals of Venice.

It will be evident from the above account of the book that it is not a work of art criticism nor even of artistic history. It is, indeed, asserted (page 5) that the highest mission of art is to exhibit and convey to the mind spiritual truths under the aspect of beauty—an assertion which will, of course, be resented by almost every artist if by "spiritual" be meant, as in this book, religious in a doctrinal sense. There is also some very good teaching (p. 17 and p. 79-80) about the *arti* of Venice and of the mediæval world in general. A uniform tone of enthusiastic and affectionate but indiscriminating praise is adopted towards the earlier works of art described, and the assumption is found everywhere that good art is pretty nearly synonymous with art which conveys good Christianity and sound morality. This is the general character of the Ruskinian art teaching, and no reader will be surprised to find frequent allusions to Mr. Ruskin's works and to the author's personal acquaintance with him.

The book is not, however, without a more practical value to the art-student. Apart from the scores of valuable photographs, it contains diagrams to which the reader may refer in order to place the different mosaics. There is a plan of the church (p. 202) upon which the main subjects of the mosaics of walls and domes are given. A similar diagram (p. 107) takes up the important pictures of the great narthex—here unwisely called "Atrium"—and in such ways as this a great deal of information is given about the church and its principal adornments; information which could be found elsewhere only in costly books and large collections of photographs. The analysis of each picture, although rather doctrinal, and even partisan in matter of doctrine, may yet serve as an aid to beginners in the study of ancient descriptive works of art. The peculiarities of pose, of scale, of adaptation to curve and broken surface which at once explain and justify the archaic character of the work—a character which the modern student is apt to assign too exclusively to ignorance of drawing and anatomy—are all more easily understood when their meaning, or even their assumed meaning, has been once explained. Moreover, the mere elucidation of the Latin inscriptions, which are difficult enough with their numerous abbreviations and the mediæval form of letter, besides being taken from a Latin version of the Bible even less familiar than the Vulgate to modern readers—this also may aid greatly one who desires to learn

the meaning and true intent of the designers. The book is, therefore, one fitted to be useful to many students rather of art than of theological history.

A large-paper edition, consisting of a limited number of copies made up in quarto, has the additional attraction of sixteen larger photographs which replace as many smaller ones. These are excellent pictures and have great archaeological value. This edition has also four colored plates, three of which replace the black-and-white pictures of the smaller edition, and one is in excess, making the total number of illustrations eighty-three in the larger book against eighty-two in the smaller one. Considering these photographs, the larger and the smaller ones alike, the user of the book has cause to regret that the knowledge which the author has gained from his friend, the architect in charge of the church, and from his own studies in Venice has not been used more freely. Allusion is made to the replacing of some of the later mosaics by others made carefully from the original cartoons which had been preserved, and it would be most desirable that these should be enumerated, and that serious restoration should also be pointed out. In short, the mosaics, upon which so much depends, both for Dr. Robertson's argument and for the studies of the lover of mediæval art, might well be introduced to us as intact, as slightly restored at such a time, as greatly restored, or as new, but made from the old cartoons. The very basis and foundation of an argument drawn from a series of pictures is that the authenticity and originality of those pictures should be established beyond a doubt.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Adams, Prof. H. C. The Science of Finance. Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50.
 Alexandre, Arsene. Catherine, Catherinette, et Catarina. W. R. Jenkins.
 Altshuler, J. A. A Herald of the West. Appletons. \$1.50.
 Baldwin, Simon E. Modern Political Institutions. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.
 Baring-Gould, S. Domitia. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
 Bell, Lillian. The Instinct of Step-Fatherhood. Harpers. \$1.25.
 Bellamy, Edward. The Blindman's World, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
 Black, Margaret M. Robert Louis Stevenson. [Famous Scots.] Scribners. 75c.
 Black, William. Wild Belin. Harpers. \$1.75.
 Belden, Jessie Van Zile. The King's Ward. F. T. Neely.
 Bolton, Mrs. Sarah K. A Country Idyl, and Other Stories. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.
 Booth, J. L. C. Sporting Rhymes and Pictures. R. H. Russell.
 Bosanquet, Mrs. Bernard. The Standard of Life, and Other Studies. Macmillan. \$1.50.
 Bourget, Paul. Antigone, and Other Portraits of Women. Scribners. \$1.50.
 Brooks, Noah. The Story of Marco Polo. Century Co. \$1.50.
 Brown, A. B. John Hancock, his Book. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$2.
 Browne, Prof. W. H., and Haldeman, Prof. S. S. The Clarendon Dictionary. New ed. University Publishing Co.
 Buell, C. S. Essentials of Psychology. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.10.
 Butterworth, Hezekiah. The Story of America. Revised and enlarged. Werner Co.
 Campbell, W. D. Beyond the Border. London: Constable; New York: R. H. Russell.
 Capes, Bernard. Adventures of the Count de la Muette. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
 Carlyle, Thomas. History of Frederick the Great. Vol. VIII. Latter-day Pamphlets. [Centenary Edition.] Scribners. Each \$1.25.
 Carryl, G. W. Fables for the Frivolous. Illustrated by Peter Newell. Harpers. \$1.50.
 Champney, Elizabeth W. Witch Winnie in Spain. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Chipman, Prof. G. E. Outlines of Modern International Law. Upper Alton, Ill.: John Leverett. 25c.
 Clark, Mrs. Hattie A. Pro Christo. The Story of a Royal Huguenot. American Tract Society. \$1.25.
 Cloud, Virginia W. Down Durley Lane, and Other Ballads. Century Co.
 Coffin, Prof. J. H. C. Navigation and Nautical Astronomy Review. 7th ed. D. Van Nostrand Co.
 Comical Coons. R. H. Russell.
 Creighton, Prof. J. E. An Introductory Logic. Macmillan. \$1.10.
 Dickens, Charles. Hard Times. Sketches by Boz. 2 vols. American Notes. [Gadshill Edition.] Scribners. Each \$1.50.

Dunbar, Paul L. *The Uncalled*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
 Dickens, Charles. *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Century Co.
 Dodd, Catherine L. *Introduction to the Herbartian Principles of Teaching*. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. \$1.10.
 Dole, C. F. *Luxury and Sacrifice*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
 Douglas, Amanda M. *A Little Girl in Old Boston*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Duppa, C. M. *Stories from Lowly Life*. Macmillan.
 Edwards, E. B. *Ruth and her Grandfather*. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.
 Elizabeth and her German Garden. Macmillan. \$1.25.
 Finley, Martha. *Twiddledeetwit*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.
 Franklin, Benjamin. *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Century Co.
 Fuller, Anna. *One of the Pilgrims: A Bank Story*. Putnam's. \$1.25.
 Gardner, E. G. *Dante's Ten Heavens. A Study of the Paradiso*. London: Constable; New York: Scribners. \$3.50.
 Garland, Hamlin. *Ulysses S. Grant: his Life and Character*. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$2.50.
 Gem Dictionary of English. Putnam's. 75c.
 Genung, Prof. J. F. *What a Carpenter did with his Bible*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
 Giddings, Prof. F. H. *The Elements of Sociology*. Macmillan. \$1.10.
 Gould, J. M., and Savary, E. H. *The War Revenue Law of 1898*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.
 Gudeman, Prof. Alfred. *Latin Literature of the Empire*. Vol. I. Prose. Harpers.
 Henderson, Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*. 2 vols. Longmans. \$10.00.
 Heron-Allen, Ed. *A Manual of Cheirosophy*. London: Ward, Locke & Co.; New York: Putnam's. \$1.75.
 Hocking, Joseph. *Miss Nancy Molesworth*. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1.
 Hodgson, S. H. *The Metaphysic of Experience*. 4 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. \$12.
 Holder, C. F. *The Treasure Divers*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
 Hort, Rev. F. J. A. *Cambridge and Other Sermons*. Macmillan.
 Hudson, Prof. W. H. *The Study of English Literature*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
 Hughes, Rupert. *The Lakerim Athletic Club*. Century Co. \$1.50.
 Hurlbut, J. L., and Doherty, R. R. *Illustrative Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons*. Eaton & Mains. \$1.25.
 Hyndman, H. H. P. *Radiation*. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan.
 Hyslop, Marshall. *By the Western Sea. A Book of Verse*. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard. \$1.50.
 Irving, Washington. *Captain Bonneville's Adventures*. [Pawnee Edition.] 2 vols. Putnam's. \$6.
 James, Henry. *The Two Magics*. Macmillan. \$1.50.
 Jaues, Prof. William. *Human Immortality. Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.

Jerome, J. K. *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
 Kemp, Rev. Dennis. *Nine Years at the Gold Coast*. Macmillan. \$5.
 Kernahan, Mrs. C. *Trewinnot of Guy's: A Novel*. 5th ed. London: John Long; New York: M. F. Mansfield & Co. \$1.50.
 King, C. F. *Roundabout Rambles in Northern Europe*. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.
 Kirk, Ellen Olney. *Dorothy Deane. A Children's Story*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
 Krebbs, H. E. *Music and Manners in the Classical Period*. Scribners. \$1.50.
 Lambert, Prof. P. A. *Differential and Integral Calculus*. Macmillan. \$1.50.
 Lawrence, Dr. E. M. *The Magic of the Horse-Shoe, with other Folk-Lore Notes*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.25.
 Lee, Sidney. *Dictionary of National Biography*. Vol. LVI. Teach-Tollet. Macmillan. \$3.75.
 Littell's Living Age. Vol. 218. Boston: The Living Age Co. \$2.25.
 Long, J. L. *Madame Butterfly*. Century Co.
 Mayden, C. S. *The Secret of Achievement*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
 Maynard, Cora. *The Letter and the Spirit*. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.
 Méras, Prof. Baptiste, and Stern, S. M. *Grammaire Française*. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
 Meredith, George. *Evan Harrington. Short Stories*. Scribners. Each \$1.50.
 Meyer's Historical-Geographischer Kalender, 1899. Lemcke & Buechner.
 Miller, Rev. J. R. *The Joy of Service*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75c.
 Mitchell, Dr. S. W. *The Adventures of François*. Century Co.
 Moore, E. F. *The Fatal Gift*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Morrison, Sarah E. *Chilhowee Boys in Harness*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.
 Morton, Agnes H. *Our Conversational Circle*. Century Co.
 Munroe, Kirk. *In Pirate Waters. A Tale of the American Navy*. Scribners. \$1.25.
 Nibbel, Prof. F. E. *An Introduction to Graphical Algebra*. Henry Holt & Co. 60c.
 Noa, F. M. *The Pearl of the Antilles*. New York: The Author.
 Norton, Lord. *Reflections on the Course from the Goal*. London: Rivingtons.
 Palne, A. B. *The Hollow Tree*. R. H. Russell.
 Parker, W. G. *Six Young Hunters*. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.
 Parola, Maria. *Home Economics*. Century Co. \$1.50.
 Payson, W. F. *The Title-Mongers*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
 Pearce, Rev. M. G. *The Gentleness of Jesus*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75c.
 Peattie, Elia W. *The Shape of Fear*. Macmillan. 75c.
 Perkins, Mary H. (Dorcas Hicks). *Through My Spectacles*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75c.
 Randolph, Innes. *Poems*. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins Co. \$1.
 Reason, W. *University and Social Settlements*. London: Methuen & Co.
 Remington, Frederic. *Crooked Trails*. Illustrated. Harpers. \$2.

Robinson, Prof. J. H., and Rolf, Prof. H. W. *Petrarch, the First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters*. Putnam's. \$2.
 Rostand, Edmond. *Cyrano de Bergerac*. R. H. Russell.
 Rostand, Edmond. *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Translated by Gertrude Hall. Doubleday & McClure Co.
 Rowland, Mira and Mabel. *Childhood Songs*. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society. 25c.
 Ruskin, J. *The King of the Golden River*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15c.
 Sanborn, Kate. *The Starlight Calendar*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
 Schurman, J. G. *A Generation of Cornell, 1868-1898*. Putnam's. 75c.
 Sears, Prof. Lorenzo. *Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism*. Putnam's. \$1.25.
 Selections from Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin. [Little Masterpieces.] Doubleday & McClure Co. Each 30c.
 Smyth, H. W. *Five Years in Siam, 1891-1896*. 2 vols. Scribners. \$9.
 Stetson, Charlotte Perkins. *Women and Economics*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.
 Steuart, J. A. *The Minister of State*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Stockton, F. R. *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*. Century Co.
 Stockton, F. R. *Buccaners and Pirates of Our Coasts*. Macmillan. \$1.50.
 Strobel, E. H. *The Spanish Revolution, 1868-1875*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.
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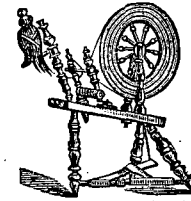
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